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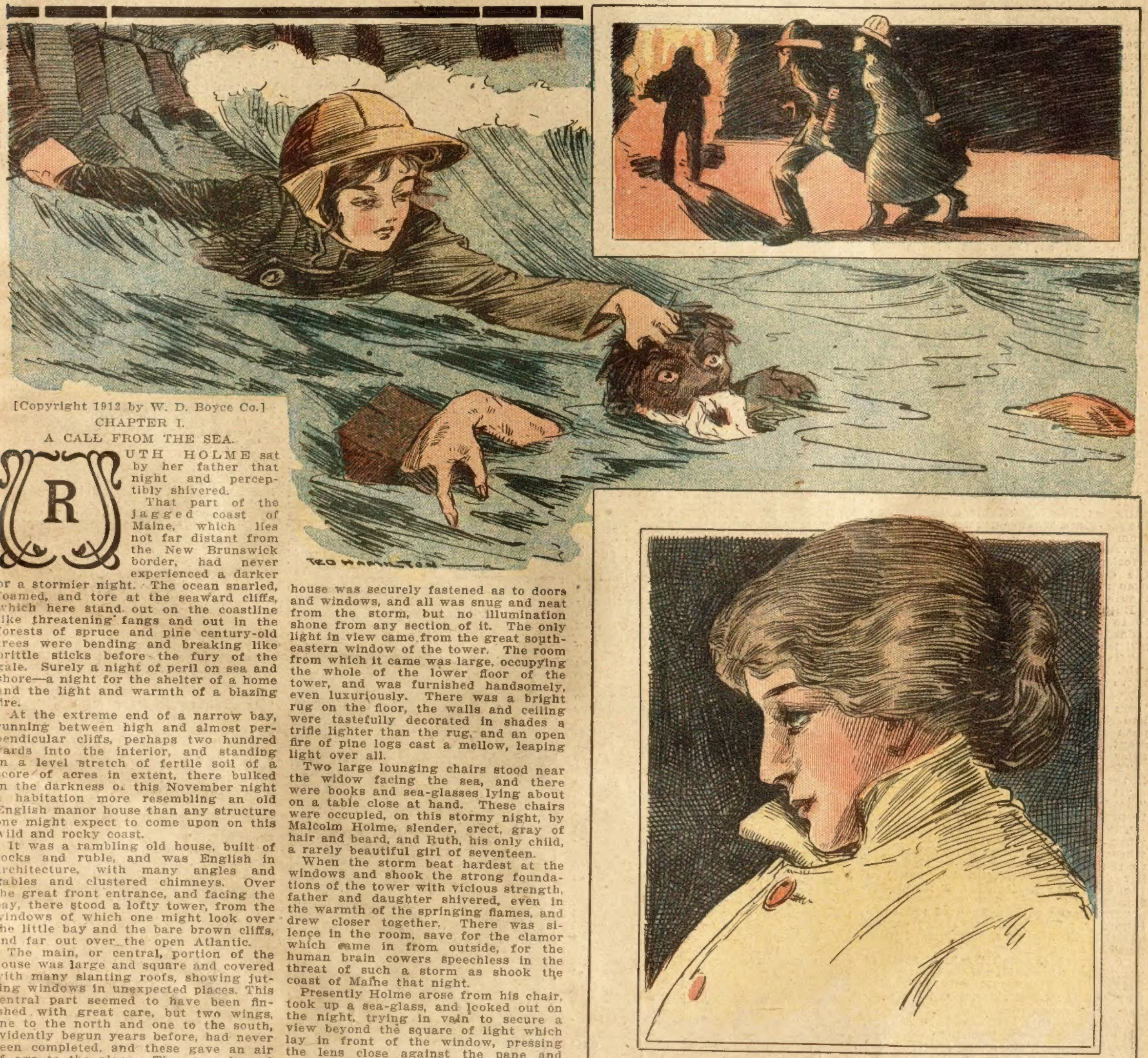
Snaring Maiden Feet;

Or, RUTH HOLME'S STRUGGLE

By ALFRED B. TOZER



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CHAPTER I.

A CALL FROM THE SEA.

RUTH HOLME sat by her father that night and perceptibly shivered.

That part of the jagged coast of Maine, which lies not far distant from the New Brunswick border, had never experienced a darker or a stormier night. The ocean snarled, foamed, and tore at the seaward cliffs, which here stand out on the coastline like threatening fangs and out in the forests of spruce and pine century-old trees were bending and breaking like brittle sticks before the fury of the gale. Surely a night of peril on sea and shore—a night for the shelter of a home and the light and warmth of a blazing fire.

At the extreme end of a narrow bay, running between high and almost perpendicular cliffs, perhaps two hundred yards into the interior, and standing in a level stretch of fertile soil of a score of acres in extent, there bulked in the darkness o. this November night a habitation more resembling an old English manor house than any structure one might expect to come upon on this wild and rocky coast.

It was a rambling old house, built of rocks and ruble, and was English in architecture, with many angles and gables and clustered chimneys. Over the great front entrance, and facing the bay, there stood a lofty tower, from the windows of which one might look over the little bay and the bare brown cliffs, and far out over the open Atlantic.

The main, or central, portion of the house was large and square and covered with many slanting roofs, showing jutting windows in unexpected places. This central part seemed to have been finished with great care, but two wings, one to the north and one to the south, evidently begun years before, had never been completed, and these gave an air of age to the place. The grounds and outbuildings were in excellent condition, showing the hand of a trained and patient custodian.

On all sides, save to the southwest, where the waves of the ocean lapped the smooth lawn, the primitive forest crept up to the grounds which surrounded the house. Especially on such a night as this, with the fingers of the wind tearing at the ivy on the walls and the rain beating upon it, the heavy structure seemed lonely, and to partake in a great measure of the desolation of that wild locality. For miles up and down the storm-beaten coast there was no other human habitation in sight.

On this night the lower part of the house was securely fastened as to doors and windows, and all was snug and neat from the storm, but no illumination shone from any section of it. The only light in view came from the great southeastern window of the tower. The room from which it came was large, occupying the whole of the lower floor of the tower, and was furnished handsomely, even luxuriously. There was a bright rug on the floor, the walls and ceiling were tastefully decorated in shades a trifle lighter than the rug, and an open fire of pine logs cast a mellow, leaping light over all.

Two large lounging chairs stood near the widow facing the sea, and there were books and sea-glasses lying about on a table close at hand. These chairs were occupied, on this stormy night, by Malcolm Holme, slender, erect, gray of hair and beard, and Ruth, his only child, a rarely beautiful girl of seventeen.

When the storm beat hardest at the windows and shook the strong foundations of the tower with vicious strength, father and daughter shivered, even in the warmth of the springing flames, and drew closer together. There was silence in the room, save for the clamor which came in from outside, for the human brain cowers speechless in the threat of such a storm as shook the coast of Maine that night.

Presently Holme arose from his chair, took up a sea-glass, and looked out on the night, trying in vain to secure a view beyond the square of light which lay in front of the window, pressing the lens close against the pane and shielding his eyes with his cupped palms. His refined old face showed alarm, and Ruth was undeniably frightened.

While the man stood before the window there came a small lull in the push of the wind and rain, and he bent his head still closer in order to listen. There was a look of keen anxiety on his face, as if he listened for some sound he dreaded to hear. The girl arose and stood with a slender hand on his shoulder.

"What do you hear?" she asked, in a voice which trembled with excitement as well as terror.

"Nothing but the st rm," was the slow reply, "and yet, a moment ago, I thought I heard something like a signal—the call of a vessel in need of help."

They both listened again, fearfully, intently, but there came to their ears only the beating of the wind and the surf and the splash of the rain against the window.

"Come," Ruth said, then, "let us go back to the fire."

Holme drew the chairs closer to the hearth, upon which pine logs were crackling, and Ruth nestled close to his side, her eyes resting lovingly on the tender, sympathetic face bent forward toward the blaze. They had lived together in the house by the sea ever since she could remember, and that face had never looked upon her in anger.

In the glow of the fire the girl looked slender and frail of figure, yet the rich blood of youth showed in her cheeks and the strong vitality of seventeen lighted her eyes. The girl was beautiful in a childish, appealing way, which it is beyond the capacity of words to describe.

It is doubtful if any cunning arrangement of sentences has ever satisfactorily described a young and beautiful girl—a girl of the likeness and distinctly feminine temperament of Ruth Holme, mistress of glorious blue eyes, glistening brown hair, transparent complexion, which blushes swept with every thought, and of kissable curves of cheek and chin.

Purity and a childlike lack of worldly knowledge proclaimed themselves in the oval face of the girl, as she turned to the silent figure in the chair at her side. This was the only human being she had ever walked the days with and loved. All her happy life had been lived there. From her earliest childhood there had always been the minnows darting in the shallows, the thunder of the surf, the moaning of the pines, the garden with its fruits and flowers, and the lessons from her father's patient lips.

Throughout the length and breadth of the world there was no sweet girl of seventeen less fitted for a struggle with the brutal selfishness of the monster we call the power of civilization. At times she puzzled over their isolation from the world of humanity—from the centers of population of which her father read so much and talked so little—but she never complained.

On this night there were questions in her innocent mind, and the lines of forest and sea which shut her in from the stir of the life without seemed narrower and more confining than they had ever seemed before. There were that night dreams in her heart, too; dreams of a time and of surroundings more suited to youth than this, but she looked with her father into the red fire and said nothing of them.

Directly there came a pause in the conflict of elements without, and from the darkness sounded the faint call of a signal gun. As if doubting, both bent forward and listened. Once more from the pall which hid the face of the sea came the appealing voice of a ship's gun, the call of those in desperate need. The two sprang to their feet and approached the window, which looked out toward the Atlantic.

As they did so the red flame of a signal fire flashed up from the high bluff which stood at the angle of the bay and the coast, the southern angle. The storm lashed furiously at the beckoning light, but the dry material which fed it flamed up despite the rain, and for an instant a ruddy light lay over the wild scene.

Ruth, moved to a sudden apprehension of a personal peril which had seemed remote a minute before, a peril which threatened her father rather than herself, clung to the old man's arm as she asked:

"Must they die in the sea? Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing beyond what is being done," was the slow reply. "The boats we have could not be launched in the sea now running, and they could not live if they could be launched. We are helpless, child."

"It may be," Holme continued, presently as he strained his eyes through the sea-glass, "that some may yet be saved from the wreck. If they have life preservers, or are able to cling to floating wreckage, they may succeed in reaching the quieter waters of the bay. But, even then, there are the breakers at the mouth of the bay to reckon with."

Ruth clung closer to the old man, as if to make doubly sure that he was indeed at her side and not out in the swirl of the tempest.

"Steven is there at the fire," Holme said, in a moment, "and will call me if there is anything that can be done."

Even as he spoke a rocket shot up from the cliff upon which the signal fire had been lighted, burned a winding path through the darkness for an instant, and died out. Ruth threw her arms about her father's neck.

"You are not going!" she cried. "It is the signal, but you are not going!"

"It is the signal," was the low reply. "Steven thinks something may be done to preserve life out there."

The girl did not answer. Instead, when her father moved toward a closet where his oilskins were kept, she turned to the door of a corridor which led to her dressingroom. With her hand on the knob she hesitated and faced her father.

"Then," she said, a flush of red coming to her cheeks, a sparkle of daring showing in her eyes, "I'm going with you."

"I respect the spirit which prompts you," the father said, with a faint smile, "but I fear you would only be in the way out there. Besides, you have your health to consider, child."

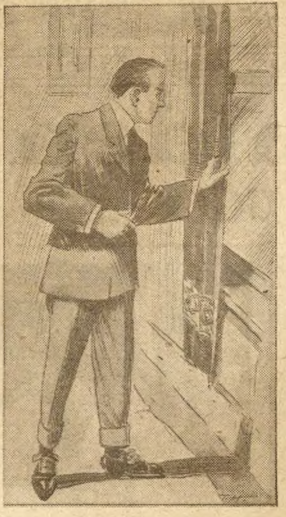
"You say that," the girl burst out, with greater passion than the father had ever known her to express before, "to keep me in comfort in this warmed and lighted room while you risk your life on the cliff. Let me go with you! I may be able to save a life out there. At least," she added, a mist in her eyes, "at least, I shall be with you in whatever peril may come."

"It shall be as you wish," Holme said, gently. "Child as you are, I doubt if you are not stronger and capable of greater endurance than I. Get ready."

As the girl reappeared in the room, in five minutes' time, clad in heavy shoes and waterproofs, the signal gun boomed out again and a second rocket cut a curve in the sky and died out. Holme was ready and waiting for her, and at once stepped into the corridor, from which a staircase led to the lower floor.

Ruth followed him, but paused with a hand on the edge of the door to look back into the pleasant, fire-lit room she was leaving. There were the open hearth, the softly-shaded lamp, the books and pictures, the flame-tinted walls. It was a dear, home-like apartment, after all, and she regretted, in leaving it even for an hour, the rebellion against existing conditions which had risen in her mind a short time before.

The easy chairs stood vacant before the hearth, and her father was stamping down toward the lower floor, but still in fancy she saw the gentle old face there in the flicker of the fire, and in the years which lay before her that was one of her fondest recollections.



"It was an ambulance," he said.

CHAPTER II.

THE FACE BY THE FIRE.

The storm tore at father and daughter as they made their way down the winding path which led to the cliff, but, guided by the uncertain light of the fire, they in time reached the side of the man-of-all-work who was on duty there. The voice of the signal gun came to their ears as they looked out on the tossing surface of the sea.

The rain clouds were lighter now, and the fall was barely a sprinkle, but the wind and surf were still at their worst. Now and then there came a lull and a shift in the wind which laid the flames out over the chasm which lay at the foot of the cliff, lighting for a moment the dangerous rocks below; then the illumination wavered away to the west again and the point of rocks at the opening of the bay was dark once more.

"I fear we are on a hopeless mission," Holme said, during one of the half-lulls in the gale. "No one could live a minute in that surf."

Again the flames shone over the breakers below, and Ruth shaded her eyes with a hand and looked down. In a moment she seized her father impulsively by the arm and pointed to the reef of rocks lying where the bay shore joined the coast.

"Look there!" she cried, moving forward to the very edge of the precipice. "Do you see nothing there? Look, both of you, before the fire dies down again."

The storm roared at the fire and bent it to earth. In the darkness which followed the father spoke.

"I saw nothing, but your young eyes may be keener than my old ones. What was it you saw?"

"I thought I saw the body of a man, tossing about on a floating timber, but the light faded so quickly that I could not be certain. Stand here and look when the light comes again."

The three waited for a time without speaking, for the conditions were not favorable to conversation, then there came another hush in the tempest and the point of rock to which their eyes were directed flamed red. Ruth, all excitement, pointed.

"There!" she cried. "It is just outside the bay."

The men saw the object to which the girl now directed their attention. It seemed to be a great timber lashing to and fro in the waves, now at the top of a mountain of water, now lost to sight in a trough of the sea.

As they looked an arm was lifted in appeal to the figures by the fire, and then the men started down the perilous face of the cliff. There was a faint little path there which the girl often used on sunny days, but it was not easy following it now, with wind pulling at their clothing.

It was evident that a ship had gone to pieces on a point farther to the southeast, for bits of wreckage were now drifting into the mouth of the bay. Ruth watched the men for a moment and saw that the path they had taken would not lead them to the point where the timber upon which the man lay was likely to land, so she moved farther toward the point and began to descend. Before the girl could reach the shelf of rock upon which the waves were beating, the heavy timber had crashed in upon the breakers, and the man who had sought safety on it had been tossed into the churning waters.

The girl saw him clinging feebly to a projecting point of rock, his pallid face touched by the light of the fire on the cliff, his gray hair blown wildly about in the wind. In another instant he would be drawn out to sea again, to be cast, a bruised and broken thing, back upon the rocks.

Ruth was familiar with the face of the cliff, his gray hair blown wildly her way, and she was sure of foot and strong of purpose—which amounts to much in time of trouble—so she was soon by the side of the man who was fighting for his life and was near to defeat. The next wave would have carried him out to sea.

The man was unable to assist the girl's efforts at rescue, being nearly unconscious, but she managed to draw him away from the touch of the waves. Then she called to her father and waited, exhausted and, for the first time in her young life, near to fainting.

Holme and Steven were around an angle of the cliff, and found it necessary to mount again to the top in order to reach the shelf where Ruth crouched, her slender hands momentarily growing weaker with the strain upon them. Then it was difficult making the descent, for they lacked the light-footedness of the girl, but after a time they came to Ruth's rescue, and the sufferer, now entirely unconscious, was carried to the top and laid down before the fire.

As Steven added more fuel to the flame Ruth saw her father's face was as white and drawn as that of the man who had been snatched from death a moment before. She stepped closer to offer a consoling word, but he waved her away, for the first time in her life, with a gesture of impatience. His eyes were wild and filled with terror.

"Get help!" he almost shouted. "He shall not die now!"

Steven bent over the unconscious figure with a flask of brandy, but Holme snatched it from his hand and applied it to the lips of the unconscious one. There were no signs of life, and Holme stripped the wet clothing from the still breast to feel for a movement of the heart. More than once he lifted the limp arm to feel for the tardy beating of a pulse.

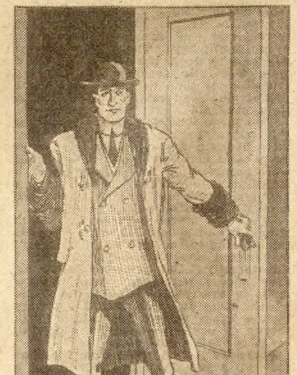
Ruth looked on in alarm, wondering if the excitement of the time had unseated her father's reason. Who was this man, so strangely rescued from the sea by her own efforts, whose life seemed so dear? Glancing at Steven, she saw that the same thoughts were in his mind.

"Father," the girl said, presently, "ought he not to be taken to the house?"

Again the excited man motioned her away.

"The risk is too great at present," he cried. "We must catch the spark of life before it flutters away! To think that we——"

The sentence was never finished, for Ruth, bending forward to assist in administering another stimulating drink, caught a full view of the face for the first time, and started back in wonder. Before she could express the thought that was in her mind, her father, watching her with eager eyes, cried out:



"Where should I be going but to that poor girl in Holborn Court?"

"You observe the resemblance, Ruth? And you, Steven? You are sure you see the resemblance?"

The girl and the man-of-all-work regarded each other with questioning eyes. They had indeed noted a resemblance! The face of Malcolm Holme seemed reproduced in that of the face by the fire.

"What does it mean?" the girl asked.

Steven shook his head gravely.

"It might be the master lying there," he said.

Malcolm Holme redoubled his efforts at resuscitation, jealously motioning the others away when they approached. His attitude was that of a man whose very life depended on the saving of another.

"Is it a relative?" asked Steven.

Ruth shook her head.

"We must wait until father can tell us about it," she said. "And, in the meantime, the man must be taken to the house."

"It is bad for him, lying here in the storm," Steven said.

Wreckage from the lost vessel was now drifting into the bay, pounding at the rocks at the foot of the cliff, and the two turned for a moment to the sea. The heavy clouds had drifted away, and here and there a star looked down upon the scene of desolation. Later there would be a slice of a moon, but now there was only the light of the stars and the fire, dying out fast.

"There may be others to help," Ruth said, presently.

She lifted the sea-glass her father had brought and scanned the waves and the floating wreckage. There were great masses of boxes and bales, tossed in destructive violence upon the breakers, and pieces of timber, broken from some stout ship's hold, but the dim light showed no huamn figures.

"There are no more," Steven said, after a short time. "No one could live long in that whirlpool."

Then he turned and looked at the white-faced figure by the fire.

"It is a wonder," he whispered to the girl. "He is old and gray, yet he came to shore through the surf! The hand of God is in it."

He paused and noted with anxious eyes the efforts of Holme to bring the man back to consciousness. Again he essayed assistance, and again he was repulsed, and none too gently, as the girl noted with surprise and dismay.

"And many a younger man doubtless perished when the ship went down," he added. "I can't understand it at all."

"Ruth!" called the father.

The girl approached the fire, timidly, remembering the repulse of a moment before. Holme pointed to the still face.

"You see?" he asked.

"Yes; I see. What does it mean, father?"

"And you, also Steven? You see?"

The old man appeared to the wondering listeners to be losing his mind.

"I see," Steven said, shortly, "that the man will die if he is not cared for directly. He needs hot drink and hot blankets. Shall I carry him to the house?"

Holme drew back reluctantly.

"You are right," he said. "He must be cared for immediately."

He bent over again, then, as if to lift the figure into his arms, but his strength was insufficient, and he motioned to Steven.

"You'll have to carry him," he said. "I shall remain close at his side. To think, that after all these years——"

"Father!" cried the girl.

"Oh, Steven knows!" Holme said. "Steven knows! Be careful with him, boy," he added, pulling at Steven's sleeve. "He has suffered much."

Ruth took her father's arm and led him away, when Steven lifted the unconscious man in his arms and started toward the house. Holme walked obediently by her side, but his eyes never left the stury figure which walked before.

"Who is that man?" the girl asked, presently.

"You saw!" answered the father. "You saw, and yet you ask that question."

"Answer me!" insisted the girl.

They were nearing the entrance to the house now, and Holme, without making any reply to the question and the demand, darted forward and led the way into the corridor.

"In here," he directed, opening the door of his private room, which was on the first floor of the house and faced the sea and the south. "Bring him in here and see that the fire is keep going."

Ruth stood in the doorway as Steven laid his charge on a couch and turned toward the diminishing fire. She saw that the man was slowly recovering from the shock he had experienced. There was a long, convulsive sigh, then a thin arm was lifted.

"Leave us alone together," commanded the father, and the two, wondering and hurt in spirit by the strange and unwonted conduct of the old man, left the room and closed the door behind them.

CHAPTER III.

SIR JASPER'S LEGACY.

Malcolm Holme's private room in the old house on the bay was always a pleasant apartment, but on the evening following that of the wreck it presented, notwithstanding the fact that it was in use as a sick chamber, an appearance unusually attractive and luxurious.

A low fire of logs burned on a pair of old-fashioned andirons set in a large fireplace, while a softly-shaded lamp added its mellow glow to the deeper reflection of the ruddy coals. The window shades were closely drawn, effectually shutting out the shadows of another stormy night, and softening the rattle of sleet against the panes. From afar the beating of the surf on the rocks came to the ear.

The apartment was handsomely furnished, in a manner, in fact, which brought a strong contrast to the outer surroundings of the house. There were costly imported rugs on the floor and dainty lace curtains of exquisite fineness and great value at the windows. Portieres of fabulous price half concealed the doors. The bed which had been brought in for the accommodation of the man saved from the sea, the chairs, couches, tables, and all the fancy bits of furniture which were in sight evinced not only wealth, but a cultivated taste in such matters.

A physician who had been summoned from a village far down the coast to attend the sufferer stood before the open fire. His rough riding coat and hat lay in a corner not far away. The blue serge suit he wore showed hard usage under rainy skies and on muddy roads. He was stout and ruddy, with keen eyes and a pointed, inquisitive nose.

He was now alone in the room with the patient, for the first time since his arrival in the early morning, and he bent over him with inquiring glances, as if the closed eyes could open and satisfy his curiosity.

"Mighty strange!" he exclaimed, looking down at the white face on the pillow. "In the heart of the Maine woods, on the wildest coast on the Atlantic, I come upon a house which might well be standing on Boston's Back Bay. Primitive life without, and luxury such as few men know within! It is strange!"

The inquisitive sawbones walked the length of the room and back again, surveying the luxury of the fittings; the atmosphere of refinement which seemed to surround the occupants of the house set a puzzle for him.

"A man who might grace the best society and the loftiest positions in the world of art or finance," he went on, "and a daughter whose loveliness and refinement would match with the best that civilization wrought! And both living here alone, save for the servants! They have lived here for years, I am told. And never a word of this cozy retreat reached the outer community. There is a great mystery here, or my name is not John Kimball!"

Presently, as the Doctor stood musing before the fire, his inquisitive nose poking now in this direction, now in that, his keen eyes finding new evidences of wealth and refinement at every new excursion about the room, his glance fell upon a handsome portrait in oil hanging on the wall above the grate. The portrait had evidently been executed by a skilled hand—a master hand, for it was perfect in pose and tone.

Dr. John Kimball stood for an instant studying the creation, and then turned toward the sleeping man on the bed. Again and again his sharp eyes traveled from the face on the pillow to the pictured face on the wall.

"Mighty strange!" he repeated. "In his youth my patient might have sat for that portrait. And yet," he continued, "I have had no hint that the people of the house ever saw that man before he was pulled dripping from the Atlantic. Mighty strange it is. A mystery of the pine woods and the sea!"

The time was to come when the inquisitive Doctor's comparison of the two faces, the face of the man and the face of the portrait, would be brought back to his mind, would be remembered with keen regret and self-reproach, because the impression dwelt so indistinctly in the mind.

In a moment the attention of the Doctor returned to the needs of the patient, and he bent over and made a close examination of the pulse and the respiration.

"A man physically all in," he mused, "and yet he of all those on board the ship gained the shore. At least, that is what I am told. There must have been men on board who had spent their lives at sea, and yet, according to all accounts, every one of them perished, while this weak—this old man—survived the beat of the waves and gained the shore."

In the time to come this reflection, too, would be remembered and in a way to bring cruelty and injustice into the lives of others.

Just as the door opened the physician turned back to the fire. When Malcolm Holme stood beside him he was swinging his eyeglasses round and round on a silk cord—only swinging his eyeglasses and watching the ruddy coals.

Holme looked pale and exhausted. His shoulders bowed circularly about his thin chest, and his hands trembled. He was neatly dressed in black, and looked more like a man just out of Beacon street than one in that desolate place of abode. His linen was immaculate, his slender hands well manicured, his shoes neatly polished, his manner that of the host rather than the patron.

The Doctor glanced up casually at first, then a startled look came to his face and his eyes shifted to the portrait on the wall. Back and forth, from the face of the man to the face of the heavy gilt frame they passed, then he dropped into a chair.

"I was mistaken," he thought. "That is a portrait of Mr. Holme, painted many years ago. Still there is a great resemblance."

Holme approached the bed where the man lay.

"How is our patient?" he asked.

"There is no change," was the reply.

"You think he will waken soon?"

There was anxiety in the tone.

"I hope so," replied Dr. Kimball. "If his identity is to be established, we have little time to lose."

As the Doctor spoke of establishing the identity of the man he turned his keen eyes on the face of the other. There was no change of expression, and, baffled, he moved to the bedside.

"There is no hope?" asked Holme.

"Not the slightest."

Holme bowed his face in his hands and stood silent under the shock of the verdict pronounced by the physician.

"He is old and weak," the Doctor went on, in explanation of his words, "and the exposure and the shock were quite enough to have finished a stronger man. Besides, there are bruises, caused by the rocks, undoubtedly. It is marvel that he lived until you reached the house with him."

There was a long silence in the room, and then the curiosity of the Doctor got the better of him again. He could not forget that this patient of his had drifted in from the sea, and that nothing whatever was known of him, so far as he knew.

The Doctor mused a moment, with his hand to his chin.

"Remarkable!" he cried. "Unusual, and almost miraculous. This means," he went on, gazing inquisitively into the face of the old man, "that no person now living, and within reach before this man's death, saw him embark or talked with him on board the wrecked ship; that no person, now living and within reach before this man dies, is competent to inform us as to his name, his place of residence, his friends and relatives! It means an unknown and nameless grave."

Malcolm Holme did not reply immediately. His face was paler than before, and his lips quivered. He took several turns about the room before he faced the Doctor.

"I think," he said, finally, "that you have stated the case admirably. Are you sure he will regain consciousness before the end?"

"He is certain to do that," answered the physician. "Only for the effects of the sleeping potion you gave him, he would be perfectly conscious at this moment. I should have advised against a strong drug had I been here."

"You must remember," Holme said, "that I was virtually alone with the man, the servants having joined the searching party on the beach, and that he was mad with delirium. In another moment he might have inflicted some injury upon himself or upon my daughter, or escaped, even in his weakened condition, to the forest."

"I have no doubt you exercised your best judgment at the time," said the Doctor. "What did the man say in his ravings?"

"Nothing of importance," was the reluctant reply.

"Your daughter and some of the servants heard what he said?"

Holme shook his gray head.

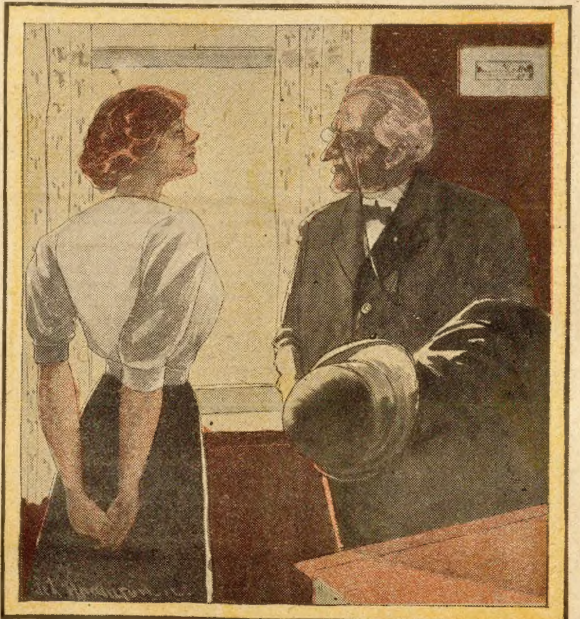
The Doctor looked more suspicious than ever.

"An so," he was thinking, "you locked him up here to prevent others from hearing a word he said; you even drugged him to keep his tongue quiet! Well, this is a strange case. Mr. Malcolm Holme is hiding something from his household, and from me."

There was a movement of one thin arm lying outside the coverlet of the bed, and Holme hastened there and bent down. Doctor Kimball thought he heard a low whisper, and stood twirling his eyeglasses and waiting to be summoned to the interview which was about to take place. Then Holme pointed to the door.

"He wants to be alone with me," he said. "Kindly step outside for a minute."

Angrily, indignantly, the Doctor slammed the door behind his back.



"I have made no effort to pry into my father's affairs."

"Were there no papers on his person?" he asked.

Holme shook his head gravely.

"Nothing—no mark or set of initials?"

The Doctor turned indignantly away. He believed that he was being deceived. He was certain that the stranger was no stranger at all, so far as Malcolm Holme was concerned. Everything pointed to a previous acquaintance.

"Then," he said, presently, "everything depends on the searching party which left for the beach some hours ago. Some survivor who knew him may yet be brought forward. Others may have escaped the wreck and sough refuge lower down the coast. It does not seem possible that, out of a ship's crew, none should remain to identify this old man. Does it, now?"

"The searching party returned an hour ago," Holme replied.

"And made no discoveries of importance?"

"Nothing."

"Then the man who lies here is actually the only person to escape alive from that wreck?"

Holme did not reply. He was stooping over the sick man with a look of tenderness on his face—such a look as a young mother might give a newborn infant lying asleep in her arms.

"Has the beach been searched?" asked the Doctor, determined to know additional details of the quest for other survivors.

"Every foot of it for miles."

"And the lost ship?"

"Lies many fathoms under water just off the coast. She struck on a hidden ledge and went down."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIGNING OF A WILL.

When Dr. Kimball left the sick room he came upon Ruth in the hallway outside the door, evidently intending to enter.

"Don't attempt to go in there," said the Doctor, still smarting under what he considered the indignity of having been excluded from the room at a moment when his natural curiosity regarding the stranger might have been gratified. "Don't think of asking for admission to that room. I, myself, have just been sent out."

Ruth was quick to note the temper in the voice of the physician and hastened to conciliate him.

"And you are angry," she began, but the Doctor stopped her with a snarl which belied his words.

"Angry? Certainly not."

"I am sure that papa did not mean to be rude," the girl then said, "and that he will soon apologize and explain."

She passed the scowling doctor and laid a hand on the door only to find that it was locked against her.

"Never mind," she said, turning to Kimball with a smile, "I am sure that papa has good reasons for what he is doing."

She paused, and a tiny wrinkle appeared between her eyes, as she looked inquiringly at the still angry doctor.

"I wonder," she said, tentatively, "what that man can have to say to papa that I must not hear?"

Dr. Kimball walked up and down the corridor as if working off the superfluous temper which showed in his face.

"There is something between those two men!" he burst out, as he stopped in front of the girl. "They do not meet now for the first time! You, yourself, must have observed the strange resemblance between them."

"Then it must have been very many years ago," said Ruth, not caring to discuss with the Doctor the private affairs of her father.

"It might have been forty years ago, judging from the ages of the men," snorted the Doctor. "I have no idea when it was, I'm sure!"

He paused a moment, walked back to the distant end of the corridor, and then came toward the girl with resolve in his face.

"Do you know, as a matter of fact," he asked, "whether your father ever saw that man before last night?"

Ruth flushed before the direct and rather impertinent question and turned away.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said.

"Again," continued the Doctor, assuming the attitude of a cross-examining lawyer handling a reluctant witness, "have you any idea as to who that man is? Has your father spoken of him to you?"

"I have not the slightest idea who the man may be," was the reply. "I have made no effort to pry into my father's private affairs."

Dr. Kimball flushed at the veiled reproof, but his curiosity was too keen to be baffled so easily. Regardless of Ruth's evident distaste of the interview, he asked, his eyes fixed keenly on her face:

"Have you ever heard your father speak of a friend or of a relative who might suddenly make his appearance here?"

Ruth was getting more indignant every moment at the prying questions of the Doctor. She turned her back to him without answering the question.

"You don't seem to understand the position this mystery puts me in," the Doctor said, as if in explanation of his persistent inquiries. "As a physician, it is my duty to report to the officers of this county any suspicious circumstance connected with the death of any one of my patients dying in this county. This man came to this house in a remarkable manner—a weak old man surviving a disaster which brought death to many sturdy men. Again, upon his arrival, apparently from the sea, he is recognized by your father, hidden away from the servants, and drugged to unconsciousness. Now, a word from your father, or, perhaps, from you, might render a visit to the officers of the county entirely unnecessary."

Ruth, almost too angry for words, walked away, leaving the Doctor swinging his eyeglasses and watching the closed door of the sick room. Dr. Kimball considered himself to be a badly used man, and every reluctant answer and incident of that night was laid away in his mind, to be brought forth at a time when wrong might come of them.

In a moment Ruth ran lightly out of the front door, passed around the house, and entered the kitchen by the back way. From this room a narrow hall led directly to the second door of Holme's private room, where the stranger lay.

Without an instant's hesitation, she seized the knob of the door and turned it. The words and manner of Dr. Kimball had alarmed her, and she sought her father in the hope that he would explain away the things the Doctor had termed suspicious. To her dismay, she found the door locked.

As she was about to walk away, hurt and anxious, the door opened a trifle, and the white face of her father appeared. It seemed that he was annoyed at finding his daughter there, for when he spoke it was in a tone of impatience.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"You never spoke to me in that tone before that stranger came here," the girl said, in a sobbing whisper.

Holme stepped through the doorway and laid a hand tenderly on her bowed head. His voice trembled as he spoke:

"Forgive me, child," he said. "I am nervous and overwrought. Kindly send Steven and Sarah here immediately, by this door."

(Continued on page seventeen.)

The Wall Street Nemesis;

Or, A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

By George T. Hargreaves

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CHAPTER XVII.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"MARCOSSON," said Miss Dennard, hurrying into the private office of her broker and carefully closing the door against interruption, "get ready for your busiest day."

"Can't be too busy to suit me," he smiled back.

"Listen to every word," Corra went on, ignoring his remark. "Before the market closes at three o'clock this afternoon I want to buy one thousand shares of S. L. S."

"Great Scott, woman! You don't mean it!"

"Before three o'clock this afternoon," she repeated, tapping his desk for emphasis. "I want you to buy one thousand shares of S. L. S. for my account."

"But, Miss Dennard, can it be done? Think how tight the market for that stock is?" expostulated the broker.

"I don't care if it's tight enough to burst," she answered, decisively. "I want those thousand shares today."

"All right," agreed Marcosson, biting his lips. "But you know as well as I do what a sensitive state the market is in. A daring move like your order could easily bring on a hair-raising advance or a panic-like slump."

"Now, see here, do you want to execute my order or don't you?" asked Corra, sharply. "If you don't, I'll be forced to transfer my business elsewhere."

"Oh, of course I'll execute your order," the broker hastened to reply. "But you know what'll happen. I'll go to bidding for your stock, the rest of the trade'll lose their heads over the fear of a corner, and there'll be the grandest little smash we've seen in a year or two — and poor little Marcosson will have to shoulder the blame for it. But I'll do it." He raised his hand conciliatorily, as he noted the frown of dissatisfaction on the face of his caller. "I'll do it—and I'll do it well."

"You've got ample money, you know," said Corra, for but a day ago she had transferred the balance of the $1,250,000 which John Dorgan had allowed her with which to conduct the deal.

"Oh, yes, unless the price goes into the sky," answered Marcosson. "You're sure you don't want to put any limit on the price you'll pay?" he suggested, as a final hint of his fear of the trade.

"Absolutely no limit, sir," she returned, crisply. "And all bought today. I'll be in the office all day if you want to get into communication with me. Now, get busy. The market will open in fifteen minutes," and with a slight wave of the hand she was gone.

On her way back to her office no less than five brokers, hurrying to the floor of the Exchange, stopped her to ask what she knew about the strained condition of the market. Her quiet, enigmatic smile only served to increase the tension of the trade, and to confirm the belief that she was partly responsible, at least, for the critical stage in the speculative mart.

Corra got back to her office almost panting. The torrid heat was almost prostrating. She took off her hat as she stepped into the room, surprised to find the desks closed and Ted Frothingham gone. Despite the crucial order she had just left with Marcosson, she felt strangely languid and dissatisfied. She was not altogether sure that she wanted to drive Kendall into a corner, as she was not planning to do. Her revenge seemed too savage. And she had once loved him—oh, so much! A smile from him in this hour would have overturned all her daring scheme.

She drew her handkerchief across her face to remove the perspiration. She looked at the ticker, which had just uttered a few premonitory clicks. Then she rose wearily and crossed to the water cooler. Unsteadily she turned the faucet and allowed the water to trickle out until the tumbler beneath was nearly filled. She turned off the current and picked up the glass.

Her keenness ordinarily might have detected the faint indication of sediment that swirled in its bottom, but her thoughts were riveted elsewhere this morning. Even her uncanny intuition failed her now, for it flashed no disturbing preliminary warning as she lifted to her lips this goblet of water heavily tinctured with the deadliest of poisons. But ere she could imbibe a drop, the telephone bell rang sharply. She remembered afterward that the shrill clangor seemed to frame the word "Beware! beware!" to her. She sat down the glass upon her desk and took up the receiver.

"Well," she spoke over the wire.

"Miss Dennard, Miss Dennard," panted an agitated voice, "don't do anything, don't do anything for a few minutes!"

"But why, miss?" inquired Corra, astonished at the tremor in the words that came over the wire. "And who are you?"

"Don't do anything! Don't!" persisted the voice. Then Corra heard the faint click that told her the connection had been broken.

She turned from the 'phone with staring eyes and puzzled face. The remarkable and unexplained interruption disturbed her. But she was throwing off the surprise and crossing the room to take up the glass of water again when the ticker with its insistent clatter signaled the opening of the day's stock market.

She hurried across the room and took up the tape. The first quotations showed stocks rising, but it was a moment before S. L. S. came out. It told of one hundred shares sold at 67. That was the highest price reached yet. It had risen to 66 on the preceding day, but had closed at 65½.

She noted that other stocks were very active, and that fluctuations indicated nervousness in the market. It was as if the insensate machine over which she stood were chattering of the sensational day's happenings to come. The second sale of S. L. S. was also one hundred shares, but the price had climbed a full point to 68. Then came another quotation of one hundred shares almost immediately with the price 70.

"Marcosson has started in with a vengeance," she commented to herself, as she let the tape drop listlessly and once more returned to her desk.

But as she lifted the glass of poisoned water again to her lips, Ted Frothingham burst in the door with eyes bulging, and, seeing her about to drink, violently dashed the glass from her hand. It went spinning across the room and was shivered into pieces against the wall.

"Well, that's not gentlemanly," gasped Corra, retreating in surprise.

"No, but maybe it's a life saver," puffed Ted, as he looked with flashing and scrutinizing eyes about the room. "Was he here when you came in?"

"Who?" asked she. "And why all this excitement? You alarm me."

"I'm glad I do. Kendall's got another sleuth on your track. And he wouldn't hesitate to murder you now."

"How did you get all this exciting information?" queried Corra, with a faint smile and a flash of the eye that showed her weariness had all passed and that she was once more keen to all things about her.

"The 'pink-and-white thing' over in Kendall's office," buzzed Ted, as he brushed to the window to look down at the plunger's place of business. "She's no slouch of a friend."

"Come, come tell us about it," urged Corra.

But Ted had to examine the water cooler first. He lifted the top to peer into the receptacle. Then he procured another glass and drew it full of water.

"See," he exclaimed, as he lifted the glass and pointed to the slight sediment whirling to the bottom. "I'll bet that's what he's done. We'll find out, anyway," and he put the glass away within the confines of his desk. Then he told at length of the strange caller whom he had left in the office when he caught a signal from Miss Van Renssalaer flashed from Kendall's office window.

"She met me in the corridor," he went on. "Her face was a scared white. She could hardly speak she was that frightened. 'Look out,' she panted. I'm afraid something dreadful's going to happen. I saw you with Miss Dennard yesterday. You're her friend, I know. Tell her to look out, too.'

"Then she stopped as if she ought not to have told me anything. But I teased and coaxed her until she went on. 'I was dabbing my face with powder behind the screen in Mr. Kendall's room, just a few minutes ago—I had to, because the hot weather makes my face so red—when I heard him and another man come in. I kept still as a mouse, because I was frightened. Mr. Kendall was so excited. He'd been drinking, too. He said it had got to be done today. Then I heard the other man say something awful profane, and he ended up with Miss Dennard's name. Mr. Kendall asked how, and the other man growled so that I could barely hear "poison—cyanide." Then Mr. Kendall chuckled dreadfully, and they both went out.'

"The poor girl stopped then. She was shaking. 'I shouldn't tell, I shouldn't tell,' she said over and over. But I kept at her. 'When they went out,' she said, 'I didn't know what to do. Finally I thought of the windows and I waited till I saw you. Then I waved. Wasn't it lucky you saw me?'

"I made up my mind in a flash that the call of that strange guy with the wide-brimmed straw hat had something to do with the things she'd overheard. I was sure of it when she told me Kendall's caller was dressed that way. I began to fear for you. 'Call up our number—7654 Broad—get Miss Dennard on the 'phone, and tell her not to do anything,' I told her. Then I scooted for here afoot."

"But why knock the glass from my hand?" inquired Corra, steadying herself against her desk, for Ted's narrative had shaken her.

"Guess it was an inspiration," chuckled the young man. "Bustling up here, I just remembered vaguely of seeing this fellow look around the room before I'd left. And it seemed to me that he had looked at the cooler longer than necessary. Anyway, the thought of poison started the idea that maybe it had been put in the drinking water. So you can imagine how anxious I was when I saw you putting that glass to your lips. Another half-minute and you'd have been a-goner. That cyanide of potassium stuff takes 'em off like that," and Ted snapped his fingers.

Then he hastened to a window and flashed down a signal to the girl in Kendall's office that everything was all right, that her warning had come in time.

"Ted," said Corra, dropping into her chair, "we must find and punish this interloper if we find he has drugged that water." She shuddered and then looked up with wide eyes. "Why, if I had swallowed that and it had killed me, it would have been nothing less than murder. And to think—to think," her face filled with color as her voice rang bitterly, "that Paul Kendall would stoop to such a cowardly method of striking a foe!"

A vigorous telephone call interrupted the dialogue. Ted answered it.

"It's Marcosson," he announced over his shoulder. "He's bought one hundred S. L. S. at 68, one hundred and 70⅛, one hundred at 72½, one hundred at 74 and one hundred at 76½."

In the moment's pause, Corra quickly jotted down a memorandum of the purchases. She smiled inwardly as she footed them up into an aggregate of five hundred shares. She needed only five hundred more to mark down her deal as a success.

"Marcosson says there's the very devil to pay on the Exchange," repeated Ted from the 'phone. "He wants to know if you want him to buy the other five hundred shares of S. L. S."

"Positively," was Corra's quiet but determined reply.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PLUNGER'S FATE.

Marcosson did not exaggerate that morning when he said "there was the very devil to pay on the Stock Exchange." Wall Street brokers still remember vividly the gyrations of the market on that smotheringly hot seventh day of August; the frantic buying of St. Louis & Southern stock; the excited bidding for other stocks, as they tried to keep pace with the enormous rise in S. L. S.; the throbbing undercurrent of mystery, as brokers tried to discover the real cause for the spectacular advance.

The Street had been preparing itself for just such a time of terrific trading for several days. Brokers went to the floor of the Exchange on this torrid Friday morning, languid and depressed by the weather. But once in that huge marble-columned hall, where, by the lifting of a finger or the nod of a head, fortunes are made and lost, they revived in an air surcharged with excitement.

Miss Dennard's broker was not the only one prepared for desperate action. Hinchmann & Hammond, who represented Paul Kendall, were also expectantly awaiting the clang of the gong that, sharply at ten o'clock, announced the opening of the market. Half a thousand other brokers, scattered about the various trading posts, at once sprang into action.

The crux of the market, everybody realized, lay in the situation about the St. Louis & Southern post. The first transaction was disturbing, for it showed the price for a single hundred shares at 67, or 1½ points higher than the last quotation on the preceding day. Then the climbing began. Hinchmann bought the first lot offered, but Marcosson got the second at 68. Then Kendall's man bought another one hundred shares at 70, while Marcosson got a similar amount at 70⅛.

By this time the rest of the market had obtained its cue from the S. L. S. trading post, and was also rising excitedly. But as the Kendall stock soared to 72, to 75, and then, with no intermediate transactions, to 76½, a sudden change came in the temper of the room.

"A corner in S. L. S.! A corner in S. L. S.!" the rumor spread from lip to lip. "Get out from under."

For a corner in stocks is fraught with pressing danger. The cornered stock may rise to fabulous prices, but its rise means that all those caught short in it are enormous losers, that they must throw upon the market other securities

A Daughter of Dixie

Her eyes are soft with dreams of love,
  And dark as some lagoon,
In which, through woven branches, shines
  The glory of the moon.
Her silver voice is sweet and low,
  Her brow is broad and meek,
And pure as waxen orange flowers.
  The oval of her cheek.

Her dusky tresses thick and fine,
  In many a silken fold,
Are bound about her shapely head
  And filleted with gold.
Her lips are like the dewy rose
  That finds a resting place
Upon her heart, in filmy frills
  Of organdie and lace.

A knight of old who crossed the sea
  With nothing but his lance,
Bequeathed to her that regal air,
  That dark and tender glance.
Oh, daughter of the sunny South,
  Where summer never dies,
The North, that never feared your guns,
  Surrenders to your eyes!

they hold in order to protect their solvency, and that this heavy selling breaks prices just as rapidly as the cornered stock rises.

Though the rumor was wrong, its effect was the same as though it had been correct. Such an unloading of stocks began as the Exchange had not witnessed in many moons. Pandemonium reigned, as hundred of brokers, screaming their bids about the great hall, tried to dispose of their holdings.

Red in the face, eyes fairly starting from their sockets, cravats awry, arms swinging in air, they fought about the various posts—and always to sell.

Everywhere, yes, except at the S. L. S. post. There the advance, spasmodic and spectacular, continued. Marcosson got another hundred shares at 78. Kendall's brokers snapped up two hundred shares at 80. Not another was transferred until Marcosson had bid the price to 83. At that he bought one hundred.

It had now got down to a battle between Corra's broker on one side and Hinchmann's man, representing Kendall, on the other. They stood in the midst of a pushing, excited throng of brokers. Their eyes flamed with the inspiration of battle. They seemed to seek out the prospective seller of S. L. S. as with uncanny intuition. Then they would pounce upon him until their bids secured the stock he had for sale.

At 86 Marcosson managed to get another hundred shares. Kendall's representatives were plainly disconcerted. They had to consult him over the telephone repeatedly. They hesitated at times to follow Marcosson's bids. They appeared to have heavy selling orders in other stocks.

At 90, with the market in panic all about him, with securities tumbling in appalling amounts, with brokers screaming out their offers, with the whole floor a money-mad maelstrom, Marcosson bought another hundred shares.

Breathless, perspiring in every pore, he glanced at his note pad.

"Just another hundred to buy," he breathed heavily. "Thank God, it's so near the end! Another half-hour of this would give me apoplexy."

But that last hundred shares was not obtained so easily. He and Kendall's man raised their bids by alternate points to 95, without bringing out a single share of stock. There the plunger's broker suddenly quit for an instant.

Marcosson was quick to take advantage. With a roar that was heard throughout the floor of the Exchange, he bellowed: "An even hundred for one hundred S. L. S.!"

Faces in that struggling group of brokers fell into frightened distortion at the bid. As the news of it spread about, seemingly confirming the rumors of a corner, the panic to sell other securities was redoubled.

"An even hundred for one hundred S. L. S.!" repeated Marcosson, in a voice that was a mixture of a roar and a shriek. He was giving way under the excitement of the morning's work.

"Yours," shouted a perspiring broker on the edge of the group. And in a moment they had exchanged confirmations of the sale, and Marcosson was speeding away to the telephone to inform Miss Dennard that her order had been fully filled.

Meanwhile, Paul Kendall was having a very bad time. For forty-eight hours back he had been tortured with the fear that his St. Louis & Southern deal would not succeed. But he was even worse racked by the load of other securities he was carrying. His brokers were pestering him to sell. They were demanding more margins. They were arguing with him about the insecurity of his position. They were pointing out that some one else was accumulating S. L. S., and that some one else might wreck all his plans.

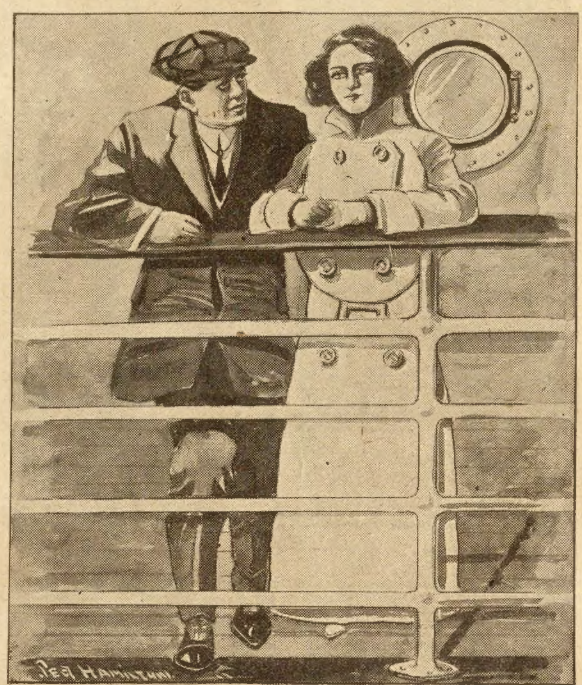
Made obstinate and increasingly daring by liberal potations of brandy, Kendall fought off all suggestions. But this morning found him with his back to the wall. He still needed 3,000 shares of St. Louis & Southern to enable him to claim his huge commission. And the prospect looked black for getting them. Moreover, the belief that Corra Dennard was outbidding him further disconcerted him. He could have faced defeat at the hands of any one else with a smiling face. But to have to admit that his former secretary—a woman—had outwitted him was maddening.

He was relieved somewhat when Detective Vauker came to tell him of his trick to poison her, but he was not altogether sure it would succeed. She was such an elusive creature. But he had little time to think of her danger. The panic in the market soon absorbed his every thought.

The opening gong on the Exchange had barely rung before his brokers were heating the telephone wires with hectic and staccato accounts of the excited bidding for S. L. S. and the panic in the rest of the market. Kendall, with the 'phone reecived in one hand and the ticker tape in the other, needed not to be told by word of mouth of the perilous conditions.

Stocks that he had pyramided, in the hope of grabbing fabulous profits when his deal went through, were tumbling by points. Nearly every quotation meant the additional loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to him.

"Sell nothing!" he howled over the wire. "I'm sitting tight."



"I'd rather be a happy wife than a clever woman."

And he went back to his desk with glaring eyes and rumpled hair. His secretary, Marguerite, from her far corner of the room, saw him open a drawer, draw forth a black flask, and take a long gulp at its contents.

Then he reeled back to the ticker and shakingly consulted the tape. Stocks were still tumbling—all except S. L. S. That was at 95 bid. He dropped the tape and uncertainly made his way to the window. With wavering eye and distorted face, he looked up at the windows of Corra's office. She at that moment happened to be gazing down. He raised his clenched hand and shook it savagely toward her.

"You she-devil," he screeched! "You're wrecking me, you're wrecking me! But I'll fight it out." Then he imbibed of the bottle again, and unsteadily went back to the ticker and the telephone.

Corra meanwhile had been cool and collected. She received the reports of Marcosson with little comment. Her interest appeared only superficial in this great Stock Exchange drama now rapidly approaching its climax. She jotted down each succeeding purchase of S. L. S. as Marcosson reported it over the 'phone. Once or twice she went to the window, but withdrew when she saw Kendall. It was not until the last one hundred shares were bought at an even one hundred dollars that she showed a sign of the strain. Then her head flopped forward in a faint on her desk, and Ted had to apply smelling salts vigorously in order to restore her.

Weakly she got to her feet and turned to Ted with a sad face.

"We've done it, boy!" she exclaimed, unevenly. "It wasn't such a great trick, after all, was it?"

"A wonder, Corra, a wonder!" he replied enthusiastically. "Let's go out and holler about it."

"Not a word, boy, not a word. I'm going over to tell Dorgan now. He'll have it announced on the Exchange, and then there'll be another inferno over there."

She spoke truly. She informed Dorgan, in a three-minute personal talk, that she had accumulated the desired 17,000 shares, and that their average cost was only 68½. He had allowed her a margin of 73. In his icy way the great banker congratulated her. Then he instructed a clerk to send out the announcement that his house had secured control of the majority stock of the St. Louis & Southern Railroad.

"We'll take care of your commission in a few days, when your purchases are fully verified," he said to her. "Also when we find out what's been done to young Kendall."

"Oh, I don't want the extra $50,000 you offered if I broke him!" Corra declared, emphatically. "I'm sorry for the poor fellow."

"Eh, what?" the broker expostulated. "Sorry for that young whelp? Don't squander your sympathy on such a worthless hulk."

Back to her office Corra slowly made her way through the street, buzzing loudly with tne news of the stock market panic. Men's faces were blanched, clerks hurried frantically hither and thither, even messenger boys were shaken out of their usual lethargy, and ran where they had been accustomed to crawl.

The market was in the throes of excitement over the Dorgan announcement when Corra once more secluded herself in her own quarters. Stocks that had been falling slowly before were slumping badly now. The entire trade seemed bent on the task of seeling everything it owned, no matter what the price. It was one of those senseless waves that occasionally sweep across the speculative world.

Corra, wearied of the sound of the ticker, went to the window and looked down. Unconsciously her eyes settled on the windows of Paul Kendall's office. She put her hand to her breast at the sight.

Kendall sat, a crumpled heap, at his desk. His face was deathly white. His eyes were distended in terror. One hand, flung across the desk, gripped a revolver. It was as though she could hear his quivering lips muttering the word "Doomed!"

"Ted, Ted," she gasped, "get over to Kendall's office as fast as you can, and see what you can do! Something awful is happening, I'm afraid."

"What is it?" he exclaimed, leaping to the window.

Frothingham reached her side just in time to see Kendall lunge forward, raise the hand that held the revolver, and press it against his forehead.

Corra sank away with her face buried in her hands, but before Ted could make another move he saw the smoke as Kendall discharged his weapon, and then beheld him slip, lifeless, to the floor. The plunger had preferred death to financial ruin.

* * * * *

John Dorgan gladly paid Corra Dennard her commission of $250,000 for successfully concluding her deal in St. Louis & Southern. He also pushed the prosecution of Detective Vauker, landing him in jail for twenty years.

A month later, Corra and Ted—who had won a European honeymoon for his pretty little wife, Cerise, and himself through his timely aid to his remarkable sister-in-law—leaned together over the rail of a trans-Atlantic liner, as it majestically slipped down New York Bay and out to sea.

"Where's your wife?" Corra asked.

"Oh, she and 'that pink-and-white thing,' Marguerite Van Renssalaer, are down in our cabin, telling each other what a fine chap I am," grinned Ted. "Say, but it was mighty fine of you to give Marguerite this long trip!"

"I owed her something, didn't I?" whispered Corra. "Didn't she help save our lives?"

"A pretty nifty girl," announced the young bridegroom, authoritatively, "but no place near Cerise's class. And as for you—say, Corra, you're one of the cleverest women that ever lived."

A faint flush overspread the face of the woman thus apostrophized. Then she gently put her hand upon that of the young man, and said in a voice that could hardly be heard above the throbbing of the huge liner:

"Ted, I had much rather be a happy wife than a clever woman—and I'm afraid I never can be."

The End.

* * *

THE STRATAGEM.

The mania for vitriol throwing, now prevalent in Paris, reminds us of a mysterious affair which happened not long ago in one of the finest country houses in Touraine.

It was the opening of the hunting season. A well-known politician, who had just missed being appointed a minister of one of the Departments of State, but who will obtain his portfolio some day, enjoyed the pleasures of sport in good society on the estate of the Marquis de B——. The marquise took part in the chase, and appeared enchanting in her sporting costume—black felt hat with long, floating feather—so ravishing, indeed, that the politician, outraging the laws of hospitality, made love to the wife of his host.

One day the marquis surprised his wife and his guest in a secluded avenue in the forest. The politician was earnestly pleading his suit, which was, it seems, not unfavorably regarded by the fair marquise, for she graciously bent toward him from her saddle, and, while toying with the handle of her riding whip, murmured softly:

"When you shall be minister."

Ten minutes later the future minister and the outraged husband were engaged in a duel, in which both were slightly wounded. Immediately after the combat the visitor left the mansion.

The marquise's turn was to come, and a terrible scene took place between her and her mate. The enraged husband presented himself before her in the middle of the night, while she, resting on her elbow at the window, was breathing the odors of the wood, and the exquisite freshness from the dew-moistened grass.

"Madame!" cried he in a terrible voice.

She turned toward him, and at the same instant received in her face a liquid which seemed to burn out her eyes, the marquis at the same time hissing between his teeth:

"Vitriol, madame—you are disfigured!"

The young wife fainted.

Without a trace of sorrow, and with the smile of a demon, the marquis carried his wife to a pavilion situated some distance from the mansion. She remained there for a fortnight, solely waited upon by her husband, who exhibited a profound repentance for the act he had committed, and who moistened from time to time the bandages with which her features were swathed. Happily, her eyes were saved; but how terrible she looked! At least, the marquis told her so; for she would not go near the mirrors, and had them veiled to prevent her catching a glimpse of her scarred features. Of course she mourned despairingly over her lost beauty.

"I will only love thee the more," murmured her husband tenderly.

As they had not had leisure to make each other's acquaintance before their marriage, which had taken place under the usually worldly conditions of fashionable life, they profited by that sad time of convalescence, and grew to appreciate, esteem, and adore one another.

"Oh, if we could only commence again," cried the marquise, "I should love none but you, and how happy we should be!"

One morning, when the golden autumn was shedding its tints all around the pavilion, when the leaves fell with a soft rustle, and a delicious languor reigned everywhere, the marquis proposed a short walk.

"Never!" cried the marquise, with energy. "If any one saw me——"

And she shuddered.

"You must, however, accustom yourself to it," urged her husband. "Come, try to look at yourself. The injury is perhaps less than you think."

She allowed herself to be conducted, trembling in every limb, in front of a tall mirror, which reflected her slender form, her snowy neck, her masses of golden hair. She saw this much through her bandages, and her imagination conjured up—as if she could see through the coverings—her deeply scarred cheeks and her scarred nose.

The thought was horrid. Her heart beat fast; she held up with both hands the fold which the marquis unloosed; she dared no let them fall.

All of a sudden the marquis sharply plucked the coverings away, and the young wife, with a shriek, fell into his supporting arms. What she saw was a handsome face, and a skin more pure, more delicate, and more beautiful than ever. She was stupefied. Surprise, emotion, joy, overcame her, and she certainly would have fainted had she not been prevented by the thought that she would lose sight of her face.

At last she stammered, in her delight at her good looks:

"But then—my fault——"

"You are like myself," said the marquis, embracing her. "You have escaped with a fright. A few drops of acidulated water have washed away our troubles."

OUT WEST STORIES

THE SPIRIT OF THE RIVER

By Paul Crissey

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JAN CREGIER slowly chucked his arms into the heavy shirt and hunched his shoulders forward until he felt his collar tighten on the back of his neck. His face glistened in the sunlight, and on the coarse forelock drops of the river water hung suspended a moment, then dropped suddenly off and coursed down over the rough skin of his face. He was a big man, with a flame of power in his body, backed by a spark of energy which,, at times, almost ceased to glow. For in the great body of this Northwest woodsman was a queer, fluctuating scale of emotions, that ran up and down under different conditions. The river, itself, was the governing power.

With the roar of the water at high mark ringing through his ears, Jan Cregier was a thing of muscle, of ambitions, and a defender of his own rights. When the riffles of the water in the warmer parts of the year lapped gently on the banks, the man was a quiet, tame thing, who cared but little for any one, and for himself the least. In peaceful lethargy he loafed away the hot months; then, with the rising of the waters in the fall, he would bestir himself to action. The warm blood, would course again through his veins with the beat of action, and before his shimmering ax struck deep into the trees during the winter's cutting, he would have forgotten that he had ever hibernated. And so, as the river called with its insipid lapping ripple, he obeyed. When it roared into his ears with a voice of might and power, he answered its commands. As the river spoke, so did Jan live and act.

For the other big men who roamed about the network of cabins in Dusquene there was speculation, and nothing loath, they wondered where the stalwart Jan had come from. Some said that as a boy he had come up from the lower valleys where the men were quiet, the days long, and the winters mild. But the truth was that Jan had been born on the river, farther to the northward, and the first sounds of the world in his ears were the whisperings, insistent, commanding, of the river.

One by one he had seen his people leave their homes. His father, known as the best river-man on the run, had churned around a great log with his feet, had done it many times, until at last one of the American-made spikes in his boots had bent and caught, and the river had taken him in. Jan's mother had followed soon. The placid stream had cast a strange spell over her, and night after night she had watched its windings. For one whole year she had listened, as did Jan, to the spirit voice of his father calling out in the dark from midstream. Then she had slipped away and joined her man. After that there were two of his brothers reckoned in the toll of the stream which dominated Jan—one of them on a backsliding log at the mill, the other in a struggle with a jam that had piled up a huge forest of trees and hushed the river below. After that they were all gone, all but himself, and he was waiting till he, too, should have his fight with the river.

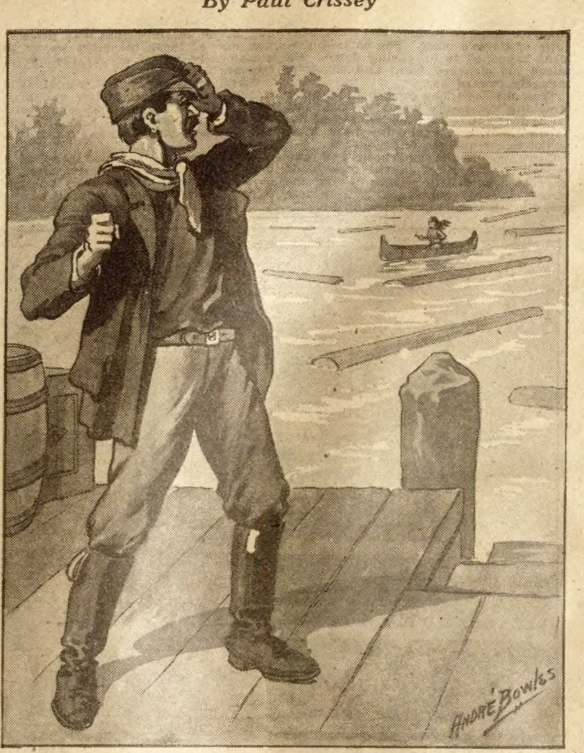
But this year the fall was late. The river had risen in the night, and with the increase in its volume Jan felt a sudden restoration of his energies. With quiet black eyes he looked through the fringe of trees to where his skiff lay, pulled half out of the water on the shore. Quickly he turned to his cabin and made a rough inventory of its contents.

"I go to town," he muttered to himself, and to suit his immediate purpose, he threw a few things into his dunnage bag, put them in the canoe, and shoved off downstream.

"Tam fine day," he commented gravely to himself, and set to work with easy strokes that carried him swiftly with the current. For hours he paddled, leaning back now and then to enjoy the changing pictures in the forest. He was a great lover of the world about him, was Jan, and he felt the quietness of the day. His mind, softened almost to laxity, reviewed his winter's aim, and he could not decide what to do. He might cut on his own strip of timber, or he might, as in the past, hire out to Grandeaq, the big king of the cutters. This Grandeaq man was not to his liking, however, for he was quick, always, and he kept on going year in and year out. He was a hard man to work for, driving his woodsmen to their utmost, breaking their backs with heavy racing, cutting and crushing their spirits with his overbearing manner.

At Dusquene Jan nodded gruffly to one or two Frenchmen whom he knew by sight, shook hands gravely, almost wearily, with Graves, the storekeeper, and settled down on the front porch of the cabin to smoke and talk.

"Grandeaq want men?" he asked suddenly.



Canoe and girl were rushing down stream.

"Sure!" replied Graves. "He always wants them. Each year he takes on many new men—a whole crew sometimes. Why, you ought to know; you've worked for him!" There was mild surprise in the storekeeper's voice as he spoke. Jan looked off across the stump-littered patch to where the river wandered idly over a sandbar, and his voice trailed off wearily as he spoke.

"I know," he said, "but I forget."

The storekeeper volunteered no answer, and Jan, too, felt no call to speak.

From inside the store came a flustered voice, evidently muffled by several partitions, and indistinct in the distance.

"Daddy," called the voice, "where did you put that book I was reading?" The tone carried a trace of petulance and impatience.

Graves looked into Jan's suddenly awakened face and winked knowingly.

"She's bound to read them all the time," he said, craftily, "but I keep hidin' 'em away. She never can find 'em!"

Jan maintained a discreet silence and waited for Graves to go on. He knew to whom the voice belonged; knew the girl herself slightly, though he had never noticed her particularly. The woman element had not as yet entered his lonely life—and he knew not even the first thrill of the power of love. So far, the river had been his life—had been the only outside influence—and he had cared but little for any other companions.

"Julie won't ask again," Graves commented suddenly. "She knows I've found the book, and she'll spend the rest of the week looking for it."

"Why not let her read?" said Jan. "It won't hurt her none."

Graves looked at him earnestly. This was a new side for Jan Cregier to show, for, as firm as tradition, this man had never been known, by the few men who had made his acquaintance, to vouchsafe an opinion.

"What do you know about that?" said Graves, sharply, for he had not watched for years the rise and fall of Jan's temperament for nothing.

Jan looked again at the river and said weakly. "Nothing."

After that there was a long, contemptuous silence, in which Jan's eyes roamed about the little stretch of cleared land. His eyes rested finally upon a slight figure far to the side of the store.

Intense interest shone for a moment in his face, then it died out, leaving his features composed and tranquil. A half-breed came out of the woods, and with soft-footed tread entered the store. In a burst of poorly delivered French, the storekeeper followed him into the cabin. Jan gave one look behind, then sauntered out to where he had seen the girl.

She was there, hidden from the sight of the cabin by a huge tree. Jan silently slipped behind the same shelter and stood, arms folded, tongue bewildered, by the side of the girl, who was softly crying. At first she did not notice him, and the big woodsman had a chance to sum her up. Her face was that of a young girl, but it had certain lines of maturity in it. She was slender, with a beauty born of simplicity of dress and feature, and there was a strange intelligence in her whole being.

She looked up suddenly, startled.

"Won't he—let you have your books?" asked Jan, quietly, for with lack of experience he felt but little embarrassment in her presence.

"No," said the young woman, regretfully. "I am of age, yet he treats me as if I were a child. He does not forbid me to get the books, but he always takes them away when I do find them. I am very tired of it—and it is lonely here."

"I know," answered Jan, quickly sympathetic. "I, too, have been lonesome—for my people. The books are your people, and you are lonely without them. Would you like to have them back again?"

He added the last without any idea as to how he would fulfill the implied obligation, but he was thrilled with strange new thoughts. The woman before him was watching him interestedly.

"What a queer man you are," she said slowly. "I have often heard of you, and once or twice I have seen you. Can you get my books for me? Do you know where they are?"

Jan nodded.

"I would be very happy with them again," the girl commented simply.

"I get them," he answered, and shutting the peaceful sound of the river from his ears he shook off, by main force, his lethargy and put his brain to work. The storekeeper had slipped down to the river, where the Frenchman had his canoe, and the two were loading in the purchases. Jan dodged into the store, and his eye flashed about the place with a native rapidity. Instantly he lifted the cover of the sugar barrel, but the treasured books were not there. Four or five other places he rapidly searched, with the same result. Then, stung by the fear that Graves would return, he plunged his hand into a box labeled "Dynamite"—and drew out the books. Hastily he shoved them into the ample front of his shirt, and scurried out of the side door toward the fringe of the forest.

"He won't get them again," he assured the girl, when he had placed them in her hands. "I won't let him know I've got them."

For a second Jan struggled to say something that surged forcefully within him, then, ears alert, he listened. His face fell. There was no command coming from his master, the river, nor did a single sound of the water's splashing reach his ears. All his energy was gone, and he could not stimulate himself. So he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

For three days he sat in the town, or rather camped on the outskirts, and held his peace. Frequently, more often than Graves thought, he saw Julie and talked to her. And yet he never told her that which was uppermost in his mind.

One day Graves, with an unknown cunning, broached a subject which was for his personal gain.

"Maybe you want something, eh?" he insinuated.

Jan looked again toward the river, but there was no sound. He had no courage.

"Maybe," he answered.

"You want to go to work?" suggested the crafty merchant.

"Maybe I work my own timber," Jan answered.

"How much have you?" asked the storekeeper, the talk going his way all at once.

"About ten million feet," answered Jan.

"Will you sell?"

"No," replied Cregier, sharply, and a silence fell upon the two.

"It is my own forest," continued Jan. "It is all mine—I worked hard for it, and I like to keep it always as mine—unless I should ——" but he did not finish the sentence.

"Very well," said Graves, "but if you want to keep it, why cut it down. "I'll give you a job by me all winter—start right away. I give you good money, and you have plenty good company—me and Julie."

For a moment Jan strained to keep his eagerness from showing, to keep the desire to accept from blurting out on his lips. He did not want to give away his feelings to the man. After all, maybe it was only a trick to get him to express himself. Ten minutes later he rose to go.

"I will work for you," he said, "at the money you say you will pay." A light of cupidity lighted the storekeeper's face as he heard the words, and he seized the big forester by the arm.

"Come in the house and have supper. Then we will sign the contract. You to stay all winter here in the store with me, and I give you forty dollars a month. Come, we sign an agreement."

He dragged the now fully bewildered Cregier into the office, and hurriedly withdrew a paper from his safe. Evidently he had been ready for the occasion, and he was now jubilant at the prospect.

"You are a good man," he said, engagingly, and he thrust the paper under Jan's eyes. "See what it says."

Jan shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot read," he said, simply. "If you say it is all right, then I sign."

"It is," answered the merchant, and Jan Cregier signed his name to the contract.

The merchant smiled. "Come back in a month and go to work." Jan looked at him in mild surprise, and ambled toward the door. At the narrow opening he looked back at the storekeeper.

A great change had come over the little man. His face was contorted with a hatred that twisted it from human shape, and his eyes burned with a fire that consumed the air before him.

"Get out!" he screamed. "Get out before I kill you! And damn you, don't come back! Leave my girl alone—you fool!" He hurled the words at the big forester with a hoarse voice, and Jan stared at him, but said nothing.

"Get out—quick!" cried Graves, and he advanced a step.

"What's wrong—you're crazy," answered the woodsman.

"I've got you—got you where I want you. Don't you ever show your face in these parts again—I shoot you on sight. Maybe I'll do it now." He raised his hand, as he spoke, to his breast, and Jan retreated sullenly.

His feet felt like lead, and he had a subconscious feeling of something pregnably wrong. But try as he would, he could not conjure up the vim necessary to stand against the crooked-playing Graves.

The air was heavy, his body was heavy, and he leaned wearily against the doorway for support. There was a quick moveemnt in the rear of the cabin, and Julie stepped out, closely scrutinizing the faces of the two men before her.

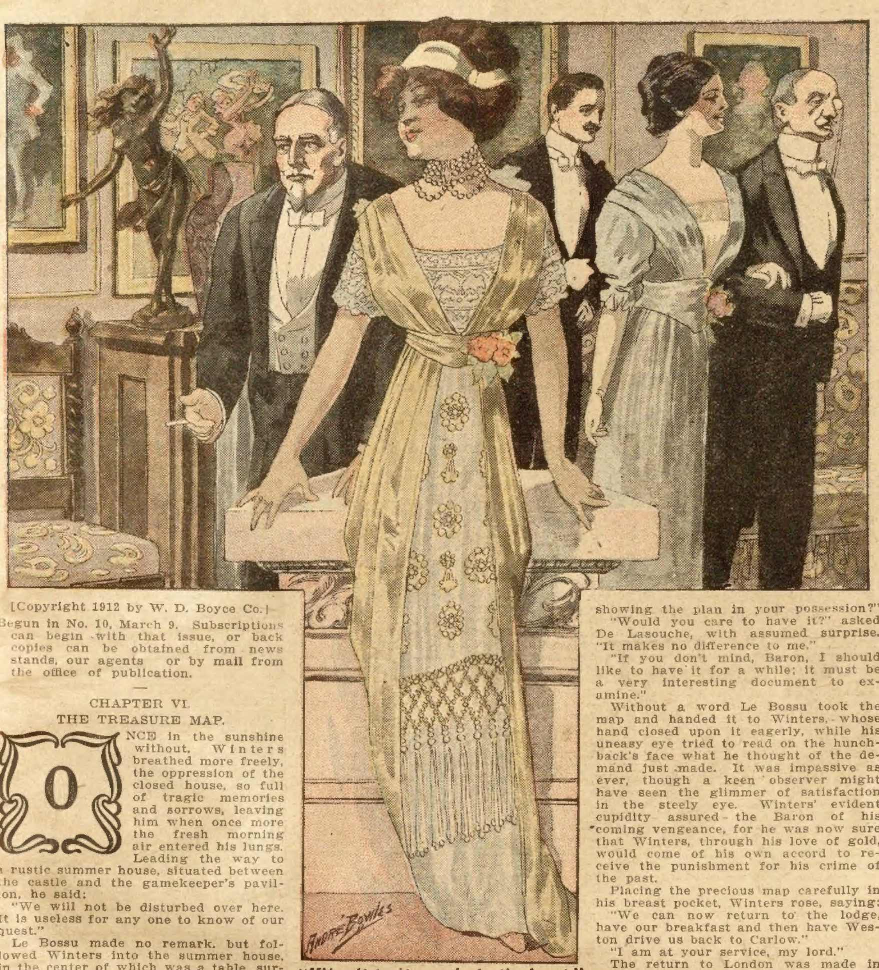
"What have you done?" she asked her father sharply, for from the loud, angry tones of the storekeeper she had drawn her own conclusions.

(Continued on page nineteen.)

THE BARON'S REVENGE;

Or, THE CASTLE'S GHOST

By PIERRE DASTARAC



"Why, it isn't spooky in the least."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE TREASURE MAP.

ONCE in the sunshine without, Winters breathed more freely, the oppression of the closed house, so full of tragic memories and sorrows, leaving him when once more the fresh morning air entered his lungs. Leading the way to a rustic summer house, situated between the castle and the gamekeeper's pavilion, he said:

"We will not be disturbed over here. It is useless for any one to know of our quest."

Le Bossu made no remark, but followed Winters into the summer house, in the center of which was a table, surrounded by several rustic seats. Winters sank into one of these, saying, with ill-concealed eagerness, "Now let us see that map and those papers."

Le Bossu spread the map upon the table, while Winters bent eagerly forward. It represented the ground-plan of some big building having many rooms and several stairways. The hunchback considered it a second in silence, then said: "It is, in fact, a plan of the castle."

"Ah!" and Winters fell back in his chair in sudden relief. The tense suspense was over, leaving him suddenly weak almost to the point of faintness, as the cheering thought throbbed through his brain: "You are saved! You are saved!"

The hunchback, seemingly unconscious of the other's overpowering emotion, continued to examine the map. Suddenly he gave a low exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Winters, as an awful fear surged through him at the thought that, perhaps, after all, something was going wrong, and that the salvation he expected was not to be granted him.

"See this cross here?" answered Le Bossu, pointing with one of his long, tapering fingers at a spot on the yellow parchment.

"Yes?"

"That's where the treasure is hidden."

"Is that why you gave that exclamation just now?"

"Yes, since the spot indicated is beneath the bed in the haunted room."

"The haunted room!"

Le Bossu nodded, then explained:

"The whole castle is said to be haunted, but one room in particular, it is claimed, belongs especially to the castle's ghost, and any one who dares sleep in that room pays with his life for his daring. The legend has existed for years, as I find note of it in several old manuscripts which I discovered in the library. I now see why this story has come about. In order to protect the hidden treasure, for which others no doubt have searched, any one who slept in that room was murdered during the night, as I found several records of mysterious deaths in the early times."

"You believe they were murdered?" It was evident that Winters was highly interested.

"Either murdered or frightened to death by their own superstitious fears. It may be that, having assumed a courage they did not really feel, they fell victims to heart failure during the night, when some unusual sound broke in on the alert consciousness of the watcher."

"Did you ever try to sleep in the haunted room and make sure for yourself?" asked Winters.

"No. I had no occasion to wish to prove the legend of the past, and as the other rooms of the castle were more comfortable than that one, I saw no need of making an attempt. Now it will be different," and the hunchback bent once more over the map outspread on the table.

An anxious frown had gathered on Winters' brow. For a while neither spoke; then Lord Winters asked, with assumed indifference:

"Now that you have the map and know the location of the buried treasure, what are you going to do?"

"Await your convenience, my lord. We have nothing more to do here, and can return to London, then to France, whenever you are ready."

"We can leave at once, if you have no further search to make here."

"This map was all I needed." Speaking thus Le Bossu refolded the map slowly, watching Winters from the corner of his downcast eye.

It was evident his lordship had something on his mind which he feared to utter aloud. It was only when the hunchback carelessly placed the folded map in his pocket that Winters said:

"So you are going to keep the map showing the plan in your possession?"

"Would you care to have it?" asked De Lasouche, with assumed surprise. "It makes no difference to me."

"If you don't mind, Baron, I should like to have it for a while; it must be a very interesting document to examine."

Without a word Le Bossu took the map and handed it to Winters, whose hand closed upon it eagerly, while his uneasy eye tried to read on the hunchback's face what he thought of the demand just made. It was impassive as ever, though a keen observer might have seen the glimmer of satisfaction in the steely eye. Winters' evident cupidity assured the Baron of his coming vengeance, for he was now sure that Winters, through his love of gold, would come of his own accord to receive the punishment for his crime of the past.

Placing the precious map carefully in his breast pocket, Winters rose, saying:

"We can now return to the lodge, have our breakfast and then have Weston drive us back to Carlow."

"I am at your service, my lord."

The return to London was made in the same silence as that which had characterized the other trip, Le Bossu speaking only when addressed. As they neared London Lord Winters began to worry about the map, fearing that the hunchback would insist on taking it from him. He was put at his ease the minute they arrived in London by the Baron's saying:

"I will go to Paris immediately, my lord, and from there to Toulouse, where you can join me when you please, as I shall remain with my relative, De Ravelle, for the next ten days."

"De Ravelle!" A white terror overspread Winters' face, as he remembered the tragic past. Le Bossu did not seem to note this emotion, for he continued:

"Yes, Armand de Ravelle. I believe he told me he was a classmate of your cousin, Sir John Maintland. He is a very promising young man, and I am justly proud of him."

"A young man did you say?"

"Yes, barely twenty-five. Do you know him?"

"Not at all," stammered Winters, in sudden relief.

He longed to question more, but dared not, fearing that somehow his connection with Nereje's death might come to light. Not for a minute did he think to connect this deformed, white-haired cripple with the handsome young man, who, years years before had pleaded with him to return to the kidnaped Lydia Winters her birthright. His fears being lulled to rest by the fact that the De Ravelle referred to was young, he forgot once more the crime of the past, to remember only the hope of the present, and he questioned anxiously:

"What are we to do about the map?"

"You can keep it and bring it when you join me in Toulouse," answered Le Bossu, carelessly. "I have enough confidence in your honor and in the strength of the locks at the castle to know that there will be no danger of your getting the treasure without me."

"When do you want me to join you?" next asked Winters, suspiciously, the hunchback's careless security causing him to fear that he knew enough about the location of the treasure to find it himself, unaided.

"When you please," answered Le Bossu, guessing the other's thought. "You can even come with me, if you wish, though we will not leave for F—— before the end of next week."

"I will join you Wednesday next," answered Winters, not wishing to arouse the hunchback's suspicions.

"In that case, farewell until Wednesday," and raising his hat formally, the Baron de Lasouche walked rapidly away.

The minute he saw him disappear, Winters hastened to a bulletin board to see when the next train left for Dover. He found there was yet three hours until train time. Hiring a taxicab, he was soon home, where old Markin greeted him with evident relief, having worried over the unexplainable instructions given him when his master had left for the trip to Ireland. Winters did not give the old man time to express his delight, for he asked hurriedly:

"Do you remember the gentleman with whom I left well enough to pick him out in a crowd?"

"Yes, sir; I could pick him out among a million."

"Very well, pack a small grip, go to the station, and when you locate him, follow him as his shadow. If you need help when in Paris, hire a detective. I must know his whereabouts from now until next Wednesday."

"I am to do nothing but follow him?"

"Yes, except if he leaves for F——, in which case wire me at once."

"Yes, my lord. Is that all?"

"All for the present. I shall be in Toulouse Monday, and will stop incognito at the Lion d' Or, in the Faubourg St. Cyprien, where you will report to me. Go now; you have not a minute to lose. Here is some money; my taxicab is waiting at the door, and will take you to the station."

Used to obey without a question, the old servant did as he was bidden. Half an hour later he was speeding to the station, where he arrived almost three quarters of an hour before train time, this giving him the needed chance of watching for the hunchback's coming. Le Bossu arrived a few moments before train time, bought his ticket, and entered the coach, Markin soon following him. The pursuit continued thus from London to Dover, from Denver to Paris, from Paris to Toulouse. If the hunchback was conscious that he was being followed, nothing in his actions betrayed the fact. Reaching his son's home, he announced, after the first words of greeting:

"I shall leave you next Saturday, Armand."

"So soon, monsieur! Are you not going to give me the usual thirty days in the year, which I have come to consider as belonging to me?" asked the young man, evidently disappointed.

"I may return within a few days. If I do, it shall be never to leave, until death mercifully ends my career on earth!"

"Then your vengeance——" cried Armand.

"Is almost complete. But no more. I shall go up to my room and rest until dinner."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASTLE'S GUESTS.

Lord Winters passed uneasy days and sleepless night from the moment he parted with the mysterious hunchback until the time appointed for him to join the Baron at Toulouse. Though he knew Markin was following De Lasouche, and he had perfect trust in the faithful servant, he feared that in some way the hunchback might escape and get the treasure without his knowledge. Reaching Toulouse on Monday, he was relieved when the old servant assured him that the Baron de Lasouche was still in the city, a guest of his relative, Armand de Ravelle. Yet it was not until the Wednesday afternoon when he again saw the hunchback that he felt secure once more.

Le Bossu greeted him with the same icy politeness as of old, saying, with perhaps a touch of irony in his tones:

"I am glad to see you are punctual, my lord." Then, with his usual laconicism, he added, "We leave Saturday morning at ten for the castle."

Winters had thought much during the past few days, and the more he thought, the more he felt that it would be the height of folly for him to go alone with this mysterious cripple to the haunted castle, in which was said to be buried a treasure they were to divide equally. What guarantee had he that, once the treasure was located, greed of gold might not cause this man to kill him, rather than divide the fortune. He hesitated a moment, then said:

"Would you object, Monsieur le Baron, if I took my cousin, Sir Maintland, with me. He would not need know why we went to the castle, but I should like to have him for company."

"And protection!" added the hunchback, with a sneering smile.

Winters tried to object, but the Baron cut him short with the words:

"Useless to protest, my lord—you are afraid to trust yourself alone with me. Well, I return the compliment by saying I am equally afraid to trust myself alone with you, so I welcome your demand, for outside protection, since it gives me the opportunity of taking my relative, De Ravelle, with us. I do not trust you any more than you trust me, so we are quits."

Winters blushed beneath the lash of this brutal frankness, but could make not protest, since what Le Bossu said was true. After a silence, which lasted several minutes, the Baron said:

"As we are to have guests, we will need servants. You can bring your man, and Sir Maintland his. The Count de Ravelle and I will try to induce his cook to forget her superstitious fears and join the party. The right wing is not only habitable, but comfortable as well. I have passed the last fifteen years in restoring it to its one time splendor."

"It that where the haunted room is located?"

"No, the haunted room is in the left wing, which was partly destroyed by fire several hundred years ago, and which is still partly in ruins."

After Winters' departure, the hunchback called his son, saying in his usual imperative tones:

"Armand, I have decided that you are to accompany me home. I have some guests, and will need your help to entertain them. You know one of them, I believe—Sir John Maintland."

Maintland!" exclaimed the young man. "He did not tell me of this, though I met him only an hour ago."

"He did not know of the invitation. I only invited him a few moments ago, through his cousin, Lord Winters, who is to be the other guest. We leave for F—— Saturday."

"F——. Is it possible that you were so near as that?"

"Yes." And without further explanation, Le Bossu added, "We will need to take old Marie with us to do the cooking. Please notify her to that effect," and without another word, the Baron left his son and went upstairs to his room.

Bewildered, uneasy, with an unexplainable oppression in his heart, Armand watched his father leave the room. He longed to question, but dared not, for do what he might, he could not overcome the sense of reverential awe which the hunchback inspired since the telling of the tragic story of the past. He felt, in a dim sort of a way, that the coming trip would have a great influence on his life, but not for a minute did he think to connect Lord Winters with the man who had been the indirect cause of his mother's death.

That evening, at the home of Duchess de Briais, Lord Winters announced to Sir Maintland that he would consider it a favor if he would accompany him to F—— the following Saturday, stating that he was going to visit an old and supposedly haunted castle, which the present owner claimed belonged to his family as a marriage dower of a Lady Winters who had lived in the fourteenth century. The story as told Winters proved so interesting that both the Duchess and Lady Maintland asked if they could not join the party.

"My husband is away for another month," said the young Duchess, "and with John gone, Antoinette and I will be without an escort. A visit to a haunted castle would be a perfect lark! Lord Winters, you simply must get us invited. Am I not right, Antoinette?"

"The castle being old naturally would make it very interesting to visit, aside from its being haunted," admitted the young lady thus addressed, as she cast an amused glance at her brother, who, like her, enjoyed the impulsive Duchess, who was ever on the lookout for new sensations and experiences.

Antoinette Maintland was a blooming girl of some twenty-four years of age. Not exactly a beauty, she had, however, such an attractive personality that she was the center of attraction wherever she went, for which reason she had a long list of suitors, but up to the present she had remained perfectly indifferent to their wooing, much to the horror of the little Duchess, who considered marriage the sole aim in life of any woman, and who therefore had a perfect horror of spinsterhood, to which she claimed Antoinette was destined if she did not cease to be so hard to please, looking for a demigod in this practical but sinful twentieth century.

As short and plump as Antoinette was tall and slender, the young Duchess made a fit foil for for the girl's subtle beauty. When the two went out together, either in Paris or in London, they shared equally in masculine attention, for which reason there was no rivalry between them, but rather one of those strong, deep friendships which rarely exist between women. It was not alone in looks that the two women differed, but also in dispositions. The Duchess was impulsive and vivacious, though somewhat shallow, feeling nothing deeply. Being somewhat of the butterfly order, she enjoyed going from one thing to another without thought or concern. Extremely fond of society, of amusements, of excitement of every sort, she was always ready to welcome anything out of the ordinary. Antoinette, on the other hand, was reserved and deep. She loved but few people, but these few enjoyed the full devotion of her heart. She went into society because her position demanded it, not because she enjoyed its shallow pleasures.

"See," cried the little Duchess, "Antoinette is simply wild to go, and you know she doesn't often approve of the larks I suggest. You must see this Baron de Lasouche immediately, and ask him to include us in his list of guests."

"My dear Duchess, it is easy to see you have never met this Baron. He is one of the hardest men to approach I have ever met. I must confess I would never dare ask a favor of him."

"I will, then. Introduce me, and I shall manage him, no matter if he is the fiercest bear in all Europe. You know I always get what I want, and I want this invitation."

"Oh, Renee," remonstrated Antoinette. "You would not think of doing such a thing!"

"I won't? Well, I will show you! Where can I meet Baron de Lasouche?"

"He is staying with a distant relative of his, Armand de Ravelle."

"De Ravelle!" Three exclamations greeted that name. With Sir John it was surprise; with Antoinette, a deeper emotion, which sent the warm blood to her cheeks; with the little Duchess, delight.

"Why, I know him well!" she cried, gleefully. "I am going to telephone him at once, inviting both for dinner tomorrow night," and she was gone before any one could say a word to prevent her.

Winters was frowning, annoyed and uneasy. He wanted his cousin for protection, but be now feared that too many guests would hinder the search. Antoinette had tried to protest, but the Duchess had been too quick, having left the room before she had time to speak. She had risen, intending to follow her and stop her from telephoning, but her brother had detained her saying:

"Let her be. She would have her way, anyway. I'm sure it will be all right with De Ravelle."

"But he may think I suggested this," protested the girl.

"And if he did, where would be the harm? You are altogether distant when you are the least interested in a man."

"John!"

Her brother laughed, amused at her flashing eyes and heightening color.

"Never mind, Nettie; there is no harm in such interest. Aramand is a brick, and, by Jove, I'd be glad to congratulate him if he won you."

Winters heard all this without grasping the meaning, so deeply engrossed was he in his thoughts, trying to figure out if the added guests would aid him or stand in the way of his quest. In the depths of his craven heart, however, he felt that the more there would be at the castle, the less danger there was of the hunchback committing some deed of violence. There would be too many witnesses for him to dare. The Duchess de Briais returned shortly, smiling triumphantly.

"Count de Ravelle will come, and he will telephone later about the Baron, who was not at home. Antoinette, we are going to be invited, or my name is not Renee de Briais."

Later in the evening, when Baron de Lasouche returned home, Armand told him of the invitation to dinner for the following night, adding as an inducement that the Duchess had said that the only other guests would be Lord Winters and his cousins, Sir John and Lady Antoinette Maintland—a small party.

"Lady Maintland!" repeated the hunchback, as though that name alone had reached his consciousness. "The lady in whom you are interested?"

"Yes, sir."

For fully five minutes Le Bossu thought, a deep frown contracting his brow. Then he answered abruptly, his mind suddenly made up:

"You can tell Madame de Briais that I shall call during the evening, although a previous engagement forces me to decline her invitation to dinner."

Armand dared not make any objection, surprised as he was that the hunchback had even consented to make the evening call, and rising, he left the room to telephone the Baron's answer to the Duchess. Le Bossu had no previous engagement, but he did not want to eat at the same table with his enemy until that enemy was entirely in his power in the haunted castle. Then, with vengeance so near at hand, he felt he could overcome his repulsion sufficiently to sit for a meal or two with the one he considered his wife's slayer.

The dinner the following evening passed off gayly, the little Duchess being in her gayest mood, while Armand and Antoinette, each happy in the near presence of the other, readily joined her battle of wits. Lord Winters alone was nervous and pre-occupied. The coming of the hunchback later in the evening oppressed him. With each passing hour it seemed as though a vague foreshadowing of his coming doom cast over his spirit a cloud of unnamed, unreasoned fear.

At nine o'clock the hunchback arrived. The minute he stepped into the drawingroom, a chill seemed to fill it, and conversation ceased, as all eyes turned toward the deformed creature bowing respectfully before the Duchess, who had risen to receive him. Armand, watching Antoinette's face, saw her shiver of repulsion and sighed. The woman he loved would never learn even to like his father, that unfortunate father who had suffered so much in the past.

The Baron, after the brief ceremony of the introduction, sat down, his eyes fixed upon the girl he had come especially to see. She was all that Armand had said, a gentlewoman in the full sense of word. The cripple's face relaxed a little; his eyes softened as he looked from the maiden to his son, and Armand read in his pleased eye that his father approved of his choice. All this had taken but a minute, a minute which in the silence of the room had seemed to last hours. Then Le Bossu spoke, addressing the Duchess:

"The Count must have told you how sorry I was not to have been able to accept your invitation to dinner."

The spell was broken, everybody breathed easier, and minutes later the conversation became general. The hunchback, having seen Antoinette's involuntary shiver of aversion, determined to win her attention, if not her regard. For her benefit he displayed all the brilliant wit of his cultured mind, all the magnetic attraction of his powerful intellect, until he had all the listeners under the sway of his magnetism, even Winters forgetting his terror to admire the brilliant flow of language and repartee, in which the dashing Duchess proved an apt partner. Armand never heard his father converse in this manner, and like the others he fell under the sway. As to Renee de Briais, if, when first seeing the Baron, she had regretted her boast of winning an invitation to the castle as guest of her visitor, she now rejoiced, finding the hunchback most entertaining, in spite of his deformity. When she felt he was in the proper mood, she remarked during a lull in the conversation:

"Baron, do you know that since Lord Winters told us of your wonderful castle in F——, Lady Maintland and I are simply dying to join the party. It is not every day one has the opportunity of visiting an authentically haunted castle so near home."

The hunchback looked at Antoinette and asked: "Would you really care to visit the castle, Lady Maintland?"

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, half-timidly, her awe of the strange man returning now that he addressed her directly. "I have a passion for antiques, and I don't doubt that the castle is full of them."

"You are right; it is. Are you not interested in the ghost as well?"

"No, sir. I fear I am too matter-of-fact to believe in those tales of the superstitious."

"Antoinette!" remonstrated the Duchess. How can you say such a thing when you know I am simply dying to have a chance to see a real ghost!"

"My not believeing in gnosts should not affect your seeing one, if there is one to be seen," smiled the girl.

"In that case, ladies," answered Le Bossu, his mind suddenly made up, "you will both be satisfied. You, Lady Maintland, will have a chance to view your antiques, and you, Duchess, will see your ghost, if you both will consent to do me the honor of joining our party Saturday."

"We most certainly do consent," cried the Duchess, impulsively, answering for both. "You are simply the dearest man in the world to thus honor the wishes of two silly girls like us."

Antoinette next expressed her thanks

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"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

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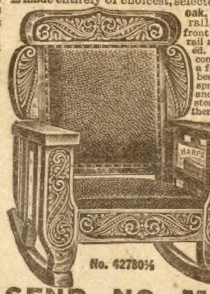

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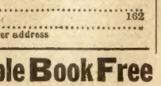

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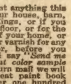

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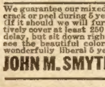

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in her more sedate way. So it was decided.

Two days later the village of F—— was almost thrown into a convulsion of excitement when the news went from mouth to mouth that Le Bossu had returned to the castle with two automobile loads of guests and another of servants and provisions. In a state of supreme excitement, almost of terror, the simple folks settled themselves to await the coming events, which they felt would be terrible.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

Baron de Lasouche had neglected nothing to assure the comfort of his guests. After inviting the ladies, he had realized that old Marie could not do both the cooking and the serving, so he had engaged, instead, a noted chef, with orders to hire as many assistants as would insure perfect service, leaving him also carte blanche as to what to cook, simply stating that he wanted the best of everything, regardless of cost. Thus urged, the chef promised to do his best, while mentally rejoicing over the fat rake-off he would make. He and his two assistant left Toulouse early in the morning, with an automobile load of provisions, and when the guests arrived later in the day they found awaiting them a tempting luncheon.

The impulsive Duchess immediately after the meal insisted upon a visit to the haunted room, saying she was simply dying to be terrified to death, to which Le Bossu had replied with his usual gravity:

"Then I fear you will be disappointed, madame, for the haunted room is in no way different in outward appearance from any other room in the castle."

"Then how do you know it is haunted," asked Madame de Briais, somewhat disappointed.

"By the fact that the castle's ghost has the somewhat annoying habit of making the night hideous with his moans and groans, and that these moans and groans always come from that one room."

'How delightfully uncanny! You can't imagine how I long for some novel sensation, even if it frightens me out of my senses."

"I am glad to hear this," broke in the hunchback, "for I was somewhat worried for fear my ghost might be ungallant enough to annoy you ladies. I hope you feel as does the Duchess, Lady Maintland?"

Antoinette smiled, looking from Armond to the hunchback with an amused glance, as she answered:

"I fear, Monsieur le Baron, that I am too matter of fact to believe in ghosts, and should I hear cries and moans, I would prefer to think they came from human rather than ghostly throats."

The hunchback frowned uneasily, then, shaking his head as though to chase from his mind some unpleasant fear, he replied gravely:

"I thought as you, Lady Maintland, before coming to live here. Now, though I am not at all ready to say I believe in ghosts, I must admit I have heard cries and moans coming from the haunted room, and that, to the best of my knowledge, though I made an immediate search of the room on several occasions, those cries and moans, calls for help, and prayer for mercy did not come from human lips."

Antoinette had ceased smiling. It seemed so strange that a man of the Baron's type should make such an admission, unless he firmly believed what he stated, and the girl wondered, in spite of her skepticism, if perhaps there was not something in the story. She therefore asked with interest: "Is there some tragedy then, on which this ghost story is based?"

"There is—a terrible tragedy, which has extended over several centuries, and which counts its victims by the score. I have a record of over fifty men meeting death, a most mysterious death, within that very room."

"No wonder it is haunted!" cried Sir John, laughing. "It is almost as bad as a hospital room, though the deaths occurring in the latter are by no means mysterious—the doctors doing the work and getting paid for it, too!"

"Oh, John, how can you joke like that!" cried the little Duchess. "The Baron may get angry at your unblief, and refuse to tell us the story."

"I do not ask any one to believe my words, Duchess," coldly remarked the Baron. "I am simply stating facts as given in an old manuscript. Some of these facts I have tested for myself during my residence in the castle, and you may all be given the same opportunity, if you remain long enough at the castle."

The little Duchess rose, her eyes glittering with curiosity and excitement.

"Baron," she said, "you must show us this room before it gets dark; then tell us its grewsome story."

"I am at your service, madame." The Baron, rising, led the way from the terrace on which this conversation had taken place, and walked down the long hall which connected the right and left wings of the castle.

"Where is the haunted room located?" asked the Duchess de Briais, as she walked beside the Baron, the other guests following. She noticed that they were then in a part of the castle which was nearly in ruins, caused by a fire that had partly destroyed the left wing, leaving mostly blackened walls and gaping paneless windows.

"In the left wing," answered the hunchback, turning to see whether Winters followed them.

Winters was directly back of him. His face was white with emotion. Was he not about to see the room from whence salvation was coming to him?

"The left wing!" cried the Duchess. "Then the haunted room is in ruins like this," and she pointed to the fire-gutted walls.

"No," answered Le Bossu, "that is the strangest part of the story. The room, though located in the very center of the burned tower, was not touched by the flames. It stands intact today, though everything about it is burned and blackened. There seems to be no explanation for the phenomenon, and it arouses the wonder of everybody who beholds it. It seems as if it had thus been kept for a purpose," and again the Baron turned to look at Winters, who was still following with the others. Winters' head was lowered in thought, so he did not catch the look given him, and it was just as well for the hunchback's revenge that he did not, for that look was so eloquent with thoughts tnat it might have betrayed De Lasouche's plans.

"This is highly interesting," remarked Antoinette, drawing closer to the Baron. "I have never heard of a room being thus preserved in a fire such as must have destroyed this tower!"

"That is what everybody remarks," answered the Baron. Speaking thus, he paused before a massively carved oak door, which age and fire had darkened almost to the color of walnut. Drawing a key from his pocket, he opened the door, bidding his guests wait without, while he went to open the blinds that they might see their way about amid the furniture with which the room was filled almost to the point of congestion.

When the light of day, made reddishly bright by the last rays of the setting sun, flooded the room, the visitors entered, following the impatient Duchess, in whom curiosity had vanquished the rather superstitious fear, which, for a while, had caused her heart to beat more rapidly. She looked about her eagerly, then her face fell, and she said, with evident disappointment: "Why, it isn't spooky in the least!"

Antoinette, Armand, and Sir John laughed. Even the hunchback smiled. Lord Winters alone remained thoughtful. Perhaps he did not even hear the spoken words, so busy were his thoughts, wondering where, beneath those expensive rugs, was the hiding-place of that wealth he so coveted.

It was a room of immense dimensions, but because of the amount of antique and almost priceless furniture it contained, it seemed much smaller. But what startled the eye most was its appearance of having been occupied only the night before, so dustless and well-preserved was everything, even to the piling of wood and kindlings ready to light in the huge fireplace.

"You don't mean to say that this is the haunted room!" again broke from the Duchess, with evident disappointment.

"It is, madame."

"But it looks as though it had been inhabited only yesterday," pouted Renee de Briais.

"I was just going to question you about this," remarked Antoinette, who, with the eye of an expert, had taken in the value and beauty of the antique furniture.

"The reason for this, ladies, is that I had it put in order this very morning, that I might sleep here tonight."

"Sleep here tonight!" The same exclamation came from every one at once, in great astonishment. But with sudden uneasiness, Winters, in the flash of a second, saw himself robbed of the treasure which alone could save him from disgrace.

Without heeding either the astonishment or the uneasiness, the hunchback continued:

"I find that in the other part of the castle there are only five really comfortable rooms. Therefore, I will turn them over to my guests. For myself, I will keep this once, which, though equally as comfortable, has too grewsome a history to be much prized as a sleeping-place."

"Have you ever slept here before?" asked Sir John, voicing the question which had come to all.

"Never. Therefore, tonight I will know for sure whether the stories told and retold of mysterious deaths are true. I shall put the castle ghost to a modern test."

"Why, it's madness!" cried the Duchess, alarmed.

"Worse than madness!" exclaimed Winters, his face white with dread. "Why should you run such risks, when Sir John and I could sleep together for the night, or Antoinette with the Duchess de Briais."

"That is true," cried the two ladies, while Sir John added, "I'm sure it would be better thus."

"Would it not be better if monsieur shared my room," suggested Armand, timid, yet eager. Like the others, but more strongly than they, he hated the idea of his father spending the night alone in the haunted room.

The hunchback surveyed them all with a sneering smile. Then he remarked:

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"Do you mean to say that you moderns—educated men and women of the twentieth century—believe it dangerous to spend a night in a haunted room!"

"But you said——" began Armand.

"I said that fifty people had died in this room, that I had heard cries and moans; but I did not say I thought it dangerous for a brave man with a trusty gun filled with good lead shots to sleep a night in it, and see for himself what the room really contains of supernatural powers or persons. You will better understand my reasons for thinking this, when I tell you the story of this room, and the reason why so many people made the attempt to fathom its mystery."

"Do tell us the story!" cried the Duchess, impulsively.

"Very well. Will you be seated, or shall we go back on the terrace?"

"On the terrace," replied the Duchess, with an involuntary shiver. "It is getting dark, and the idea that so many people have died here is not conducive to one's quiet enjoyment of a story, which, from what you have already said, must be morbid and hair-raising."

"Very well. If you will step out in the passage, I will close the windows and join you on the terrace in a few minutes," replied the hunchback.

The two ladies, Sir John, and Armand stepped out, Lord Winters remaining behind, as though loath to leave the Baron alone, even for a minute, in the treasure room. Le Bossu saw this, and smiled as he slowly closed the blinds, leaving the windows open to admit the fresh air from without. Joining Winters a few seconds later, he expressed his surprise that he had not gone with the others, though he well guessed the reason. To which Winters had answered, "I was waiting for you, Baron."

While the hunchback was locking the door, Winters resolved that somehow, in some way, he must stop Baron de Lasouche from spending the night alone in the haunted room. A maddening greed for gold, born of his natural instincts, as well as of his desperate need, filled his soul. He must have his share of that treasure, no matter at what cost. In his desperation, he was ready to run any risk, take any chances, no matter how perilous. This was just what the hunchback wanted. As the two men were walking down the passage on their way back to the terrace, Winters asked nervously:

"When are we going to hunt for the treasure?"

"Oh, I don't know. In a day or two," carelessly replied the hunchback.

"Why not immediately?" Winters' throat was dry with anxiety.

"There is no immediate hurry. I never heard of gold spoiling, and as it has lain there for several centuries, it can remain in its hiding-place a few days longer," laughed Baron de Lasouche, sneeringly.

"But you—you are going to sleep there tonight!" finally stammered Winters.

The hunchback paused suddenly, looking at his companion with flashing eyes—though that remark was just what he had worked for—and pretending indignation he cried: "Do you mean to hint that you—you do not trust to my honor."

"Not exactly that, but——"

"But you do not want me to sleep alone in the haunted room. It that it?"

"I don't see why you should, since there are other rooms in the castle."

"That is equal to distrusting me! "Well, my lord, I am going to give you a lesson in confidence. You have the map in your possession. Therefore, you know where to hunt for the treasure. If you wish to take my place in the haunted room tonight, I will give it up to you without question, trusting entirely to your honor."

"What need of either of us sleeping there?" feebly objected Winters, ashamed of his distrust, yet unable to master it.

"Because I believe it is necessary for one of us to watch that room. I leave it entirely to you who it shall be—you or I. Express your wish before it is time to retire, and I shall abide by your decision," and with a cold bow of contempt, the hunchback walked rapidly on, thinking as he walked: "He is mine. He will sleep tonight in the haunted room, and before morning you will be completely avenged, my Nereje!"

The continuation of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year, and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

A Lucky Escape.

Hire Sistem, the furniture king, having made his pile, had settled down to the pursuits of a country gentleman. He invited his friend, Plane Figger, to make a stay with him.

One day, armed with the latest appliances for dealing out sudden death to anything in the game line, he and his friend trudged over the brown furrows; but at the end of three hours they were still looking for something to start the bag with.

Suddenly a hare got up. Bang! came from Hire Sistem. Bang! from Plane Figger, and over went the four-footed one.

"My hare!" shouted the former furniture king.

"My hare!" cried his friend.

They argued for ten minutes as to whose weapon had worked the mischief. Then the keeper was called up to adjudicate.

"You'd take your oath it's your 'are, would you?" he turned to Hire Sistem, fiercely.

"If necessary, certainly."

"And you'd swear 'twas your 'are?" truculently to Plane Figger.

"I would."

"Then, think yourself jolly lucky you're escapin' seven years apiece for perjury, 'cos it 'appens ter be my dog!"

* * *

Conjuror Made Good.

Senator La Follette was talking at a luncheon in Madison about the discredited scheme of a bankrupt promoter.

"This scheme," he said, "was so absurdly false that it reminded me with peculiar vividness of a conjuring tramp.

"The fellow entered a country tavern one Halloween. He boasted of his powers as a conjuror, and took up a large collection. Then rolling back his sleeves, he demanded three large pieces of fresh bread, three large slices of ham and three jack-o'-lanterns.

"Well, the food and the jack-o'-lanterns were duly supplied. The latter were placed in a row on the bar. The former were gulped down almost magically by the conjuror. Then he called for a large mug or schooner of hard cider, and this, too, rather dubiously, was handed over to him by the bartender.

"Tossing off the hard cider, the tramp now said:

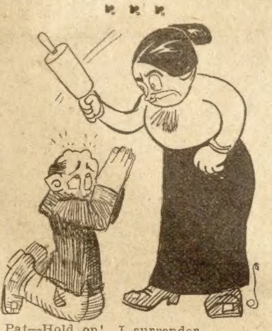
"'Well, gents, you've seen the bread, ham, and cider all disappear. Under which of these Halloween pumpkins would you now like to see them placed?'

"A man with red whiskers touched a green pumpkin.

"'Here goes, then,' said the tramp.

"And, clapping the pumpkin on his head, he bolted from the room and ran like an antelope."

* * *



Pat—Hold on! I surrender.
His Wife (hitting him again)—No, ye won't. Not till I say ye kin!

* * *

Businesslike.

She was brisk and full of business as she bustled into the bank, indorsed a check and then handed it in at the window.

"You see, I've indorsed it and come to the right window the very first time," she said, with a beaming smile. "We women are getting to know a little bit about banking."

"That's very true, indeed, madam," said the teller, "but this check is not signed by any one."

"Well, I just got it from my husband. He's in Chicago. Here's his letter telling that he is inclosing it."

"That's all good enough, madam, but the check itself must be signed."

"Here's his name on the letter. Can't you cut it off and paste it on the check?"

It took the teller some time to explain, and he still wonders if she doesn't think he just didn't want her to have the money.

* * *

When He Used the Big I.

Senator Ogle, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had been deputed to compose an address to the newly-elected President, Andrew Jackson. When the bluff old warrior submitted his document to the House a fellow member, a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia, observed:

"Pardon me, General, I hesitate about making any suggestion to so distinguished an individual, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary to write the first personal pronoun with a capital 'I' instead of a small 'i'."

Senator Ogle returned a look of scorn. "Sir," said he, "when I write to so great a man as Gen. Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put upon paper. But, sir, if ever I should have to write to a little snipe like you, I would use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."

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THE ISLAND OF GOLD;
Or, THE SWORD OF THE SEA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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Begun in No. 6, Feb. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from newsstands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.
FOR THE TREASURE.

AS HE drew nearer the pirate guards, Robert became less anxious to take the lead, so he stopped and turned to Zattillo.

"What is your plan?" he asked.

"Robert take small mans, me take big mans. We creep up behind. Each person of us crouch ready When me say 'Go!', we jump together. Pounce on pirate mans, and be sure he make no cry-out! Get him by throat! [illegible]' It so easy, very much!"

Zattillo rippled the words out fluently, and Robert set his teeth and nodded. He moved again, and his dusky ally was with him.

The next few minutes were a tale of stealthy advance, and as he drew closer, Robert had a feeling of relief. Zattillo's selected man moved now and then, but his fellow was stationary, and it dawned upon Inchwood that he was sleeping in his seat on the rock. Afterward, he knew that Zattillo had discovered this before he made his plans.

"Go!"

The signal came at last, and the assailants leaped together. Everything was in Robert's favor, and he whisked his man from the rock, pulled him to the ground, and, holding fast to his throat, commanded silence. He found he had mistaken the temper of his man. Instead of passive obedience, he had active resistance on his hands. The surprised Malay was strong and active, and he bounded so lustily under the restraining knee and hands that no advance was made toward completing his downfall. It seemed a long while that this writhing went on with unabated fierceness, but finally Zattillo appeared at his side, and spoke as serenely as if nothing unusual was under way.

"Hold fast a bit more, and then me have him tied. Wait!"

The halfblood's fingers moved nimbly, and in a short time he added:

"Let mans go. He tied now.

"He will shout for help."

"No. He gagged'

The information was so surprising that Robert fell silent, but when he looked more closely he saw that Zattillo was right The Malay was conquered and in all ways helpless.

Cords, gags!" muttered the young man. "Where did you get them?"

"From sailmaker in ship. Me asked him for ropes and feazings Thought maybe might some be needed."

Your wits never sleep. Well, the guards are silenced. What next?"

"Want cannon in ship?"

"Decidedly, yes!"

"Me watch. You go bring sailor mans here."

This was definite, and Robert took the back track. Neither then nor afterward could he understand how Zattillo had overpowered his own man and bound and tied him without alarm, but it was only further proof of the halfblood's skill and resources

At the cove he found Captain Wood and his party waiting Giving the word, the men were tumbled ashore with scant ceremony, and the chosen bearers hastened up the ridge. Zattillo was patiently waiting, but the next step lay with the skipper and the men under his orders. Captain Job; ignorant of the size of the guns, had been worried lest they be hard to manage, but first sight of them showed that they were not heavy enough to bother. It only remained to carry cannon, projectiles and powder to the rafts, and this task was begun with zeal

On the lower land the village remained dark and still, and it seemed that the worst danger was to be apprehended, indirectly, from the lapse of time Night had nearly spent its stay, and the swift dawn of the tropics might prove awkward, if not deadly. As soon as dawn came the Malays would awaken, and then more would happen.

Rapid labor finally brought the end. All the desired plunder was either on the rafts or in the boats, and the party left the land. The return was not to be so easy as the coming, for the rowers must tow the rafts, and they were not the light burden of the former tour.

Something else was to happen, too. Just as the mouth of the cove was reached, the keen eyes of Captain Wood caught a thing beyond.

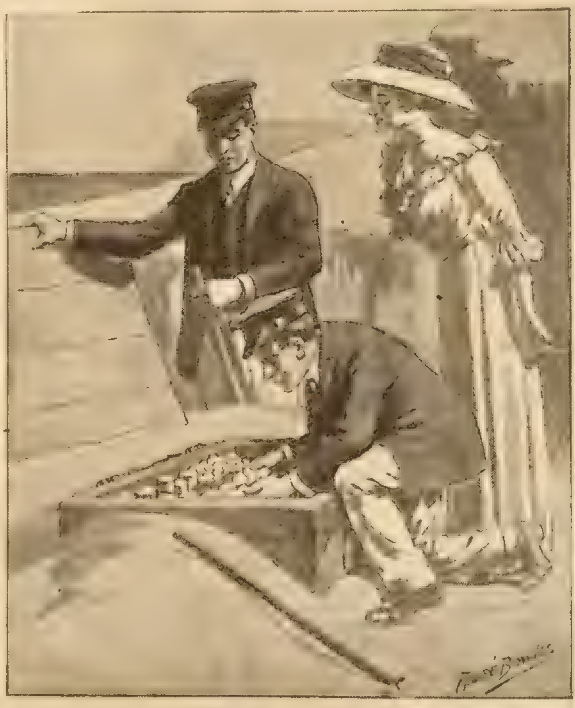
"Lay on your oars!" he directed, his voice subdued.

The blades were lifted, and the various figures became stationary. Then, as a soft ripple fell upon their ears, a long, narrow craft was seen bearing down the shore. Night hid something, but it was not to be doubted that one of the celebrated red canoes of Arrowpack's band was passing

The suspense was brief. The Malays held to their course, receded, turned to starboard with the curve of the shore, and so went on to the usual landing place of the pirates.

"Away!" order Captain Job briefly.

Once more the men pulled, and when the cove was left hebind the row for the Fair Lady was on in earnest. The canoe was not forgotten, and, worried lest there be another interruption, the Jack tars bent their backs with hearty good will.



The treasure was there!

There was no sign of pursuit, and in less than half an hour the party were on the ship's beam. A line was cast, the rafts made fast, and with the prizes under the overhang the hoisting was begun. The work was no difficult, with their appliances, and when the cargo was on deck the last of the boats was swung up to the davits and the final touch put to the venture. Captain Wood, however, was mindful of the fact that they were still in hostile waters, and while the bulk of the crew were loosing sale, bracing the yards, and heaving up the anchor, the carpenter and a few assistants were busy mounting one of the guns for a stern-chaser, an idea still dear to the skipper's heart.

A fine westerly wind was blowing, and when the sail filled the Fair Lady stood away with everything drawing. A success had been achieved, but the skipper, looking back, was not sure they had seen the last of the matter. Although water would leave no trail, the Malays might succeed in placing the responsibility in the right quarter.

At dawn the island was faintly visible astern, but there was a slight hope that, from that quarter, the Fair Lady was fully hull down, and stronger hope that no hostile eyes had identified either ship or crew.

The stern-chaser was not required, and, holding their course, they raised Popoatto in the afternoon. As Captain Job and the charterers stood together and watched the landfall lift before them, John suddenly chuckled merrily:

"We will make Daniel Lee into a Gibraltar," he remarked. "We hardly need a cannon, so he can have all three. Thunder! but won't he be safeguarded!"

"Are you sure of that?" the skipper asked.

"Why not?"

"Lads, we have stirred up a pretty mess hereabouts, and we are bound to find it out, I think. Once let Arrowpack know the truth, an' two things will happen. He will come pilin' after us with his hundred or more pirates and fleet o' red canoes, which is one thing. T'other is that he will have them cannon back if possible, an' that means mighty sharp danger for Daniel Lee."

"Say," John exclaimed, "have we got Lee into trouble?"

"We have got him into danger. Havin' done that we must see him out on't. His handful o' men would be no more than a bite for Arrowpack. We must stick right here until this thing is settled. Leave Lee alone we can't. The Fair Lady must ride at her anchor here until something is done about them pirates. Even with our force added to Lee's we are few compared with Arrowpack's band."

"Bad, bad!" muttered John. "But, say, Captain, we've got the big guns."

"So we have, an' we will mount them right quick. They may save us from the Malays, if they try to carry this island by storm, but nothin' else will."

"I hope Arrowpack won't attack," said Robert, seriously.

"But I hope he will!" declared Wood.

"Why so?"

"We have made war upon the band, and now it's our duty to fight it out with them. If we leave here, all of Lee's party will be at the mercy of the buccaneers. Lads, if you stir up hornets in their nest you can settle matters by runnin' away, but we've stirred up that villainous crew, an' now we are a fixture in this latitude until we have downed Arrowpack. In a word, we've got to wipe out the pirates!"

The logic of the argument was not to be denied, and the Inchwood cousins experienced keen worry. Had their seizure of the big guns paved the way for great trouble for Daniel Lee and his family?

As soon as the ship made her old berth and the anchor was let go, the task of getting the cannon ashore was begun. It was Captain Job's eager desire to have them mounted as soon as possible so as to sweep the offing in case Arrowpack appeared, but the thoughts of Robert and John turned in another direction

The question of whether Popoatto was the Island of Gold must be settled as soon as circumstances would permit. If

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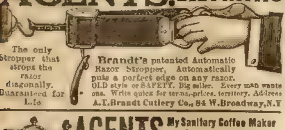

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the treasure from the Sword of the Sea was there they wanted it. Leaving all of the sailors at the disposal of the Captain, the Inchwoods took four Kanakas and started for the point where the gray cliff must be, if anywhere. Mary Lee joined them as they went.

"I've been looking around there," she said, "and I think it possible that the rock may be there. But just think what a terrible task it will be to reach the treasure. As I remember your statement, Bradyll Inchwood's manuscript said the cliff was two hundred feet high?"

"Yes," Robert replied, somewhat gloomily.

"Now, the earth reaches to its very top."

"Which means," added John, "that we must dig through two hundred feet of earth to reach the gold. Rather a staggerer, but it can be done."

"It will be necessary, I suppose, to reduce things to a science," said Robert. "Mr. Lee's derrick will here come in good use, to lift earth from the vast pit we must make."

"But suppose this proves not to be the Island of Gold?" she asked.

"Then the pit will not be necessary. Our first digging will be to see if the cliff is there. After that we shall know what to do."

"Suppose you are disappointed?'

"If this is not the Island of Gold we will search elsewhere

"But you have the latitude and longitude indefinitely, and wherever the right island is, it seems some under-water convulsion has changed its shape greatly. And the Pacific is dotted with islands. There, there!" she added, abruptly changing her manner. "Let me drop this talk. This is the island you want—why, it must be!"

Mary had chanced to glance at her companions, and as she noted their sober faces it occurred to her they were lacking in the high spirits that treasure-hunters ought to have. Now she laughed and grew additionally vivacious, and her mood was infectious enough to drive gloom away

After ten minutes' search, near the summit of the west side of the ridge, they decided upon the point of attack. Indeed, there was no question as to that when the lay of the land was studied. If they were on the Island of Gold, the middle of the arch of rock must be hard by where Robert finally planted his spade.

"Dig!" he said briefly.

The Kanakas fell to briskly, spurred on by the liberal promises of the charterers Everybody now knew it was a search for gold, and the hope of becoming approximately rich men was enough to give the natives energy for the labor.

During the first hour there were no developments, but it was then found they were too far east. Shifting the point of attack ten feet toward the west side, they began anew. Thirty minutes later a change gradually made itself felt. A perpendicular rock was encountered, and as the earth was farther cast aside, it began to take on a form which made the watchers look critically at each other.

"Dollars to pennies we have struck the cliff!" John exclaimed.

"And it would be a gray rock, too," added Mary, "if the sun could dry the earth-stain away a while."

"Encouraging, surely," Robert agreed, "but don't let us count the treasure yet This may be a comparatively small rock that will soon end. We will hope not, though. Its face is almost mathematically even, and, thus far, it is firm as a mountain. It may be the cliff!"

"Then we have only to dig two hundred feet down," said John.

He wanted to be a giver of hope, but that two hundred feet cast its blight upon all. It was a great distance to dig.

Something else now had share in the proceedings. Day was spent, and the twilight of the latitude fell swiftly. A previous call to supper had been ignored, but when it was fully dark, work was suspended, and the calls of the stomach were heeded.

Comparing notes at the table, it was learned Captain Wood had made excellent progress in mounting the big guns, so it was a light-hearted party that ate together.

Afterward the Inchwoods took their Kanakas again to the pit, and for two hours digging went on by the light of lanterns. Good progress was made, the excavation grew larger, and always the unearthed rock descended with the formation of a cliff. It was annoying to cease labor, but they finally ended for the time, with the understanding that the first rays of dawn were to witness a renewal of the attack

That night the Inchwoods did not fall asleep readily. Always the mental question was with them—had they found the Island of Gold?

CHAPTER XX.

THE IRON BOX.

Before day had fairly dawned, the next morning, Robert and John started for the place of excavation, spade in hand. With matters as they were, and millions possibly at stake, they found it impossible to go about the work as if it were the digging of a ditch or the planting of potatoes. Through their veins ran the fever-blood of keen desire, and in their minds was a malady of impish figures that danced and sang of old Zeraglio, the Sword of the Sea, Bradyll Inchwood, Poi Boxdall, and the buried treasure. They wanted to know something, and they wanted the knowledge badly. Was it on Popoatto that the ancient pirates buried their ill-gotten gains, and, if so, was the great wealth still there?

"Dawn cames rapidly," said John. "We can turn over a good bit of earth while we wait for the Kanakas, and we shall enjoy their after-labor all the more if we try our own arms first."

"Pity things are not as they were originally," replied Robert. "It is a good deal of an unsetter to think that two hundred feet of earth must be taken away to reach the grave of the gold."

"Captain Job says it is a month's job."

"I won't dispute it, but every spoonful counts, so here goes."

With this Robert plunged his spade deep into the soil and flirted what he lifted away from him.

"Light as a feather," he added, "but, between you and me, I suspect that if we keep at it for an hour the dirt will be heavy as lead."

"I'm looking at the cliff. Say, it has dried off a bit in the night, and has a real gray cast. Sort of an ashen gray. Rather a common cast with rocks, but we may congratulate ourselves it is not bluish-gray, mourning-gray nor jealous-gray. Fine cliff, as far as we can now see."

Robert stopped work and himself surveyed the rock.

"We will call it promising until we know otherwise. It's inclined to separate like slices of bread, in places. Do you see? Almost as though a stonecutter had carved in the face of the thing ——"

"Say!" cried John, "what's that? Looks like a letter O"

"Fact, and that quirl beyond it is like an R"

"Robert, there are words there, actual carving in the face of the rock!" cried John, excited. "I see O, then R, and then D. What have we struck?"

"By Jupiter! the word is 'Sword'! There is more ——"

"'Of'!" added John loudly. "Then T, then H, and then E.'

"Man alive, do you see? The full line is 'The Sword of the Sea'!"

'The name of old Zeraglio's ship''

"Something more under it Looks like figures. Can we read them?'

"We must! The carving isn't good, but it has got to be deciphered."

It was a ten-minute task, but at last they had the full lettering made out. Carved in the face of the rock was this inscription:

THE SWORD OF THE SEA.
1686.

"Hurrah!" shouted impulsive John "The name of the ship in which Bradyll Inchwood met with his adventures, and the very year in which she was wrecked. Bradyll does not say in his manuscript

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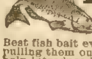

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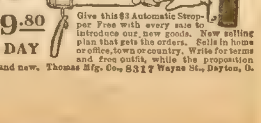

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that his pirate shipmates marked the hiding place of the treasure, but it is clear they did."

"Seems mightily like it. Rather surprises me, though. Why should they do it? It is not likely they knew that islands hereabouts change form occasionally, and the peculiar formation of the Island of Gold was a much better guide to them on returning than a few words cut in a rock. Also, by doing this they risked attracting the attention of outsiders. They did a useless and hazardous thing when they carved a part of their secret there."

"Safe enough in a way. Remember that the Pacific was not discovered until [illegible] may call a late date, and that the Jesuits creeping along the coast to found missions were about the only navigators afloat in Pacific waters."

"On one side, you mean. How about Chinese and other navigators on the other side? But why do we criticise? John, we've found the Island of Gold!"

"Hip, hip, we have! Shake, my boy!"

They shook hands enthusiastically, but presently fell to surveying the rock again.

"No doubt about it. The inscription is there!" said Robert. "The treasure is ours ——"

"After we dig two hundred feet down ——"

"Unless old Poi Boxdall took it away."

"Confound that knave! There is no denying the fact that he must have survived the second storm in 1686, and that he returned here and raided the treasury. Otherwise, how did he get the money to blossom out as a millionaire banker in Hong Hong?"

"Looks bad. Are we to dig and then find nothing?"

"See here, old man, the banker, Boxdall, may have been a different person from our Boxdall. I personally knew two men in New York named John Adams."

"How many did you know named Poi Boxdall?"

"Hang it all, you rather upset me. We mustn't get discouraged."

"Most decidedly, we won't!" declared Robert. "With this latest discovery to think about we should feel really sanguine."

Both spoke stoutly, and they tried to feel as cheerful as they claimed, but it was a noteworthy fact that, anxious as they had before been to dig, not another spadeful was cast up until the Kanakas arrived. The inscription, somehow, had a double effect upon them, and they doubted even while they hoped.

The Kanakas enlarged the excavation somewhat before breakfast, and more was done in the early forenoon, but all hands rested in the heat of the day. Captain Job, however, had mounted his big guns, and they were in place with their muzzles frowning upon the seaboard. Hard by were the projectiles and the powder, so all was ready for possible hostilities.

Late in the afternoon the digging by the marked rock was resumed, the Kanakas working, while Captain Wood, the Inchwoods, Daniel Lee, and his daughter stood by. The idle members of the party were talking of Arrowpack, when a metallic clang aroused attention. spade had struck something out of the usual run, and its wielder was delving [illegible] slowly to see what he had.

"Probably some iron instrument of recent times," said Lee, indifferently. "A tool used by my grandfather in his work might have got that far underground —"

He stopped short, as the Kanaka turned up the object he had encountered.

"Thunder!" cried John. "An iron box!"

There was a momentary silence, and then Robert wheeled upon Lee.

"Did your grandfather use anything like that in his work?" the young man demanded.

"Decidedly not. Looks like a strongbox for treasure. Why, I do believe ——"

John had excitedly leaped into the pit and seized the box. Formerly there had been a lock affixed to the box outwardly, but it had corroded and disappeared, though the box and the earth about it were apparently fully dry. He whipped back the cover.

"Empty!" John exclaimed, his enthusiasm disappearing.

"There are letters on the inside of the cover!" cried Mary. "A name, and it is—it is Zeraglio!"

"The name of the old pirate chief!" added Captain Wood, deliberately. "We have found a treasure-box, but it is ——"

"Empty!" said Robert, curtly.

"Poi Boxdall knew his business!" growled John. "He came here, and he got the money. We are beaten!"

"What I don't understand," interrupted Robert, "is how this box is here at all. Buried at the foot of a cliff two hundred feet high, how did it get within five feet of the top?"

It was a great perplexity to all, but Captain Job pulled hard at his beard and suddenly announced a theory.

"Granted that we have the burial place of the treasure right here, there is but one explanation," he said. "Since the Sword of the Sea was wrecked, an earthquake has surely lifted additional land from the water, for five acres have increased to thirty, an' it's also clear it changed the surface o' the original island. Well, what is more likely than that it heaved up the very place where the gold was buried, but not the cliff? That cliff would be so much heavier than the earth that it may have stood stock still, an' the land being elevated on both sides."

"Your theory is reasonable," Robert admitted, "and it shows that we need not dig two hundred feet, but this empty box is pretty sure evidence that all the treasure was taken away soon after the Sword of the Sea was wrecked."

"Try in the sand that has accumulated in the box," suggested Mary. "A stray piece of eight may be there."

"Don't think me rude," growled John, "but if you think a single Spanish dollar appeals to my cupidity, why, you are mistaken."

As nobody else had moved to carry out her suggestion, Mary herself bent and began to fumble in the sand. It was absolutely dry, having been protected by the thick box, which, in turn, had been protected by the dryness of the outside earth, and she made slow work in clearing the receptacle.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "the sand is banked until it is as hard to the touch as the iron itself. I should think ——"

She stopped short. After resisting stoutly the mass had crumbled away freely, and with it had come an explanation of the matter of comment.

"Another box!" Mary cried. "A little, flat concern. Why, what is it?"

With everybody watching she fumbled at the lesser box, and then its cover fell away.

"There's a letter inside!" she added wonderingly.

She stood gazing at it blankly, but Daniel Lee took it from her hand.

"I think this is Mr. Inchwood's property," he said. "He should be the one to read."

At that moment a shout sounded behind them, and Ben Witter came running in haste.

"Captain Wood," he called, "there is a batch o' red canoes comin' toward the island. The mate thinks, sir, that Arrowpack is here to attack us!"

The skipper had been wrapped up in the matter closer at hand, but he came back to his end of the business with quick attention.

"Red canoes comin'?" he repeated sharply. "What more?"

"Nothin' yet, sir. Mr. Pond raised them with his glass, but they are still well to the nor'ard."

"Comin' this way?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"That calls for my presence som'ers else. If Arrowpack is comin' with mischief in his heart, he will get the surprise party o' his life. Our three cannon are mounted, loaded, an' ready for use. I've masked them a bit, so the pirates will have no suspicion until we blaze away at them. Nothin' could be better. Them fellows must be licked an' wiped out afore we leave these waters. For years they have plundered an' robbed decent folks, so they deserve all they get. Pirates don't look pretty to honest folks. Where you goin', Robert?"

"With you, Captain."

"No, no! Stay here. I'll agree to call you in time for the fight, but you can do nothin' until then. Stay here. Dig on!"

He started away hastily, while Mary pointed to the letter, and eagerly exclaimed:

"Read, Mr. Inchwood, read! It is signed 'Poi Boxdall'!"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT EARTH GAVE UP.

Robert was beset with two drawing forces. The announcement that the pirates were coming made him eager to be by the big guns as one of the defenders, while the lure of the gray cliff and its attachments was almost irresistible. With the pirates well beyond the island and the letter at his hand, the choice of the moment was not to be doubted.

Always kept dry, the paper was in fairly good condition, and he read the lines written thereon without much difficulty.

"The word of Poi Boxdall, surviving mate, to those who will know: In the squall following the great storm I saw my mates overturned in their boats and, methinks, all drowned but me. I clung to my own upset boat, and finally was driven to an island, from which I was saved by natives.

"Now I am come to take away the bulk of the treasure. How come, I have not space to tell. I think I am the only survivor of the Sword of the Sea, in which case I am owner of all of Zeraglio's accumulation, but I will not risk robbing any who may have also lived the squall through, so I will not take all. It is my purpose to live an honest life from this day, and I begin now. I'll leave a generous portion.

"I have divided the treasure into ten parts, as equally as possible. Five parts I keep for myself, four parts I give to the four men in my little craft now here, and one part I leave in its resting-place where we buried it that day, six months ago. I estimate each part at one million dollars. It is a great sum to hand over to a mere boatman, but I must bind my fellows so they will not murder me before I reach a safer port, so each shall have a million.

"The wreck of the Sword of the Sea

(Continued on page sixteen.)

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I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once — today — and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address,
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Orders for and west of the Rocky Mountain states must be at the rate of 4 full quarts for $4.00; 2-gallon demijohn $6.00. We pay the express.

Useless.

"Your wife has filed suit for divorce. Are you going to contest it?"

"No. It wouldn't do me any good. I've lost every argument I ever had with her."

Tit for Tat.

Mrs Benton Holme (engaging new cook)—Why did you leave your last place?

Bridget Burns—Shure, an' why did yez last cook lave yez?

A WIND[illegible]CH DAY.

Eleventh Commandment.

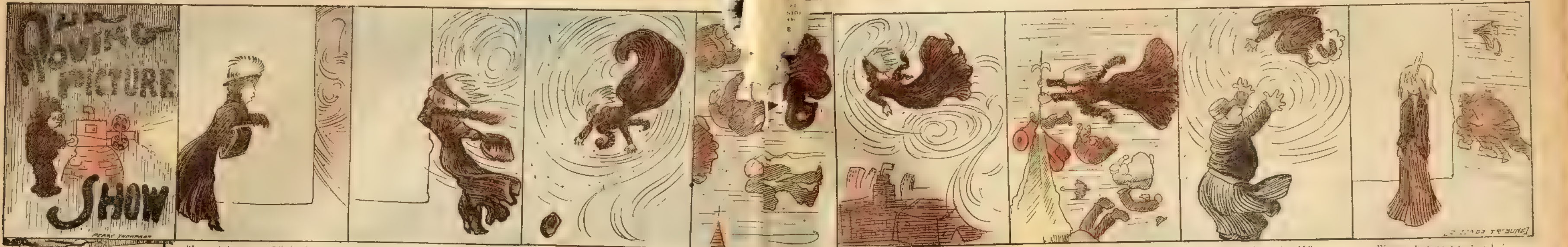
Teacher—Now, can you tell me any commandment that has only four words in it?

Small Boy—Please, ma'am, "Keep off the grass."

Bargains.

"Once I could have bought the site of Chicago for $1.00 in Mexican money."

"I know how it is, old chap. I had a chance to buy a beefsteak once for 11 cents a pound."



"I must hurry or I'll be late to luncheon."

"This will ruin my curls."

"There goes my muff mamma gave me Christmas."

"Dear me, [illegible] will be frightfully red."

"I should have worn my rubbers."

"I know I'll be dreadfully late at luncheon."

"I hope I don't catch cold."

[illegible]

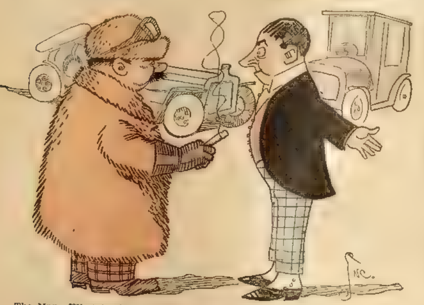
A Good Player.

Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Macbeth, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock and billiards. He plays billiards best."

Cheap Satisfaction.

"I notice that a Pittsburgh teacher has been fined six cents for flogging a refractory pupil.

"Well, I've no doubt she'll be glad to take about twelve cents' worth out of him next time."



The Man—What is the difference between last year's model and this?
Auto Salesman—The horns have a different sound.

Rare Luck.

Mrs. Bloomer—It's shameful! Mr. Silentt, who is deaf and dumb, is going to marry Miss Quiett, and she's deaf and dumb.

Mr. B.—What of it?

"Why, just think. Their children may be deaf and dumb, too."

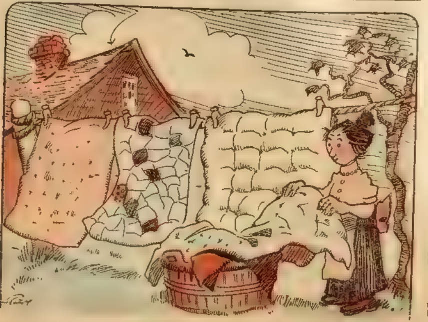
"That's all right. We'll watch where they settle, and move in next door to 'em."

American Progress.

Disgusted American (on a dusty road)—Well, here we are riding behind a pair of horses and taking their dust, just because our grandfathers did.

Friend—What's the matter now?

"The horses ought to be hitched at the rear end of the carriage. Quick as I have ten minutes to spare I'll invent some way."



[illegible] comforts of home

He Was Responsible.

Before he was well known Wendell Phillips, the Abolitionist, went to Charleston and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room and was waited upon by a slave. Mr Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother. The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited on by a slave. "You must scuse me, massa," said the negro; "I is obliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'sponsible for de silverware."

The Patience of Amos.

"There never was Amos' equal for up-an'-down good nature," said Mrs Clifford, in speaking of her deceased husband to the new summer boarder. "My son Joe always said pa was more patient than Job.

"I tell you," she continued, "you can figure for yourself how patient Amos was by this. Our old horse, Dandy, would get the rein under his tail, an' keep it there off'n on for ten mile without Amos' getting mad."

The Wrong Pocket.

He was an overdressed youth and attracted attention when he entered the car. He occupied the only vacant seat beside an elderly gentleman. When the conductor came for his fare he fumbled for his money, and then suddenly became pale. "Oh, I've been robbed," he gasped. "There is nothing but a bit of an old cigar in my pocket." "My boy," said the deep bass voice of the man by his side, "would you mind taking your hand out of my pocket?"

Not a Bad Line.

"You will excuse me, madam," said little Binks to the fair lady at the reception, "but really I didn't catch your name."

"How funny," said the lady. "It's Fish."

Important Distinction.

"You can take that ax and get up an appetite for a little dinner," said the farmer's wife.

"Lady," replied Meandering Mike, "what I was applyin' for was food; not physical culture."

For Future Reference.

Mother—I see you have written me a letter to say how sorry you are you took the jam. Well, I'll forgive you.

Johnny—Yes, ma, but please don't destroy the letter. It will do for next time.

Street Sarcasm.

Inquisitive Female—Are the people here moving?

The Young Man—Oh, no, miss, we're only taking the furniture out for a drive.

Unsympathetic.

"What is your favorite musical instrument?"

"The banjo," replied Mr. Cumrox, "for the reason that nobody comes to our house who knows how to play it."

Customer's Opinion.

Seymour—What do you think of the novel that Beaner, the restaurant keeper, has written?

Ashley—It's too much like his sandwiches—nothing between the covers.

The Empty Cradle.

The husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom, but, vain precaution! His wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first born and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby asleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said his spouse.

Why He Didn't Come.

Lady (wildly)—Why didn't you bring me milk for the baby yesterday?

Milkman—You said you wanted it from one cow, mum.

"Certainly."

"Well, you see, mum, that cow kicked over the bucket yesterday, mum."

[illegible]oof.

[illegible] Sit how [illegible] am know you be pa[illegible]tiend forbear when we[illegible] rried?

[illegible] Hean put a [illegible]tandup coll[illegible] a No 15 without sa[illegible] word

[illegible]ad.

"The wed[illegible]dingn't al[illegible]toge[illegible] a success"

"Ne moth[illegible]er a groom [illegible]creder than [illegible]thether of the [illegible]de. It [illegible]wa[illegible]nsidered very taste[illegible]"

FIVE MINUTES OF HAPPINESS.

"Did e'er you know five minutes," said
the misanthrope to me,
"Five minutes in your life, sir, when
from trouble you were free,
Five minutes of true happiness, of pleasure unalloyed,
In which within your heart you did not
feel an aching void?"

"Oh, yes, I've known five minutes, sir,
of happiness in life,
Five minutes when I quite forgot all
trouble and all strife.
'Twas when a maiden said to me, while
driving in a sleigh,
'I'll give you just five minutes, John, to
take your arm away.'"

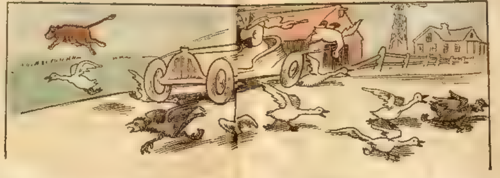
His Advertising Bill.

"Advertising costs me a lot of money."

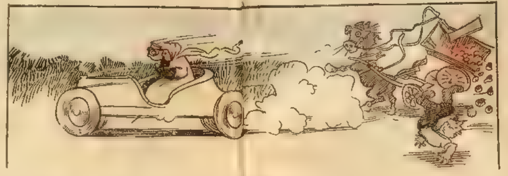
"Why, I never saw your goods advertised."

"They aren't. But my wife reads the other people's ads."

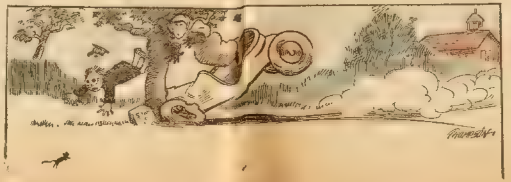
THE MAID A[illegible] THE MOUSE.



Geese have terror for her



Other vehicles she r[illegible]essly drives from the road



But a mouse happened one day to cross the road in front of her car, and she had to acknowledge defeat.

An Old Sailor's Yarn.

I was in the good ship Surprise crossing the Pacific Ocean. A spanking breeze was driving the ship home at a lively rate, everything drawing below and aloft, when the painful cry, "Man overboard!" startled the entire ship's company. The captain came on deck, and looking over the taffrail at the rapidly receding object, and then observing the good speed the ship was making, said, in pious accents.

"Poor fellow! Heaven help him! I'm sorry for him; but we must take advantage of this breeze, in the interest of the owners."

Just then a sailor who had been on the lookout ran aft, and said:

"Captain, it was not a man, but it's a hog."

"Aha!" said the captain; "hard a-port, back the mainyard, clear away the boat, and save that hog!"

Causes the Gout.

Rich Patient—What is the cause of gout, doctor?

Doctor—Excessive eating and drinking will produce gout. Mental worry will also cause it.

Patient—My, my! Well, I must stop worrying over my excessive eating and drinking.

Partial Observation.

Bilkins—Did you ever notice how much money butchers have in their pockets when they are picking out your change?

Wilkins—No-o, but I've often noticed how little I've had in my pockets after I got my change.

Wise Ma.

"Ma, why don't you keep out of the parlor? Things are running smoothly now."

"You ain't engaged yet, daughter, and your ma knows that a young man who finds things running too smoothly is apt to get bored and quit."

Out of Season.

"What I want to do," said the economist, "is to persuade our young people to stick to the farm."

"It's a good idea," replied Mr. Corntossel, "but it's out of season. Come around when gettin' up at 5 o'clock in the morning ain't such cold work."

Dangerous Courtesy.

First Beggar—I tell you, Bill, it pays ter be polite. A "Thank yer" never hurt nobody.

Second Beggar—It did me. I said it to a lady without thinkin' when I had me "Deaf and Dumb" card on, an' she had me arrested for an impostor.

An Unfailing Test.

Foreign Visitor—Is that college a really fine educational institution?

American (proudly)—Is it? I should say it was. They've got the most idiotic college yell to be heard in the whole country, sir—yes, sir.

Judging Character.

"That man Mehitabel married has a lot of foresight," said Farmer Corntassel.

"He looked kind of worried an' scared at the weddin'," replied his wife.

"That's what makes me think he has foresight."

His Hobbies.

"What are your husband's 'hobbies?'"

"Well, in the summer he goes fishing and in the winter he wishes he could go."

Impertinence.

Irritable Man (at other end of 'phone line) Hello, [illegible] what's the matter with you? Are you 47?

Angry Spinster (at this end)—No, I'm not—who said I was? I'm only 3[illegible]

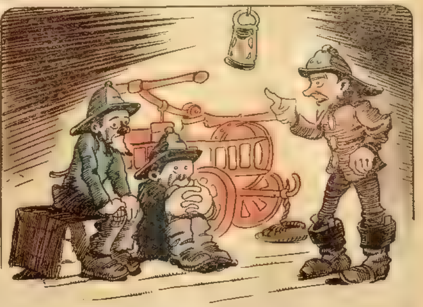
Irritable Man—Oh, ring off.

Worthy of the Job.

Police Commissioner—If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?

Applicant—Pass [illegible] the hat, sir.

Police Commissioner—[illegible] engaged, sir.



Captain (volunteer fire company)—Now, boys, we've got the building, the engine and the uniforms. Now we must git 'em insured, for if th' ding place should ever take fire, we'd never git here in time to save a thing.

Pa Is Surprised.

"Pa, what is a pillory?"

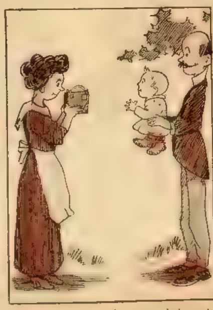
"A what?"

"A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday and I didn't know."

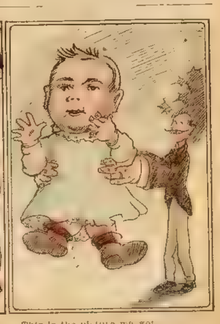
"Why, that's a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"

Only in Self-Defense.

There was a proud citizen who lined up his family of seven gigantic sons and invited his caller to look at them. "Ain't they the fine boys?" inquired the father. "They are," agreed the visitor. "The finest in the world!" exclaimed the father. "And I nivver laid violent hands on any of them except in self-defense."



Pa—Be sure and focus on baby. I don't count in this picture.



This is the picture ma got.

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Tuberculosis

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing the Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

Dr. W. H. KNIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Tuberculosis when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd treatment kills the Tubercule Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Tuberculosis. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Tuberculosis it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of tuberculosis and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr. W. H. Kiester of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of tuberculosis and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus-filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few months' use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. JUDD. Q. LLOYD, 5711 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.

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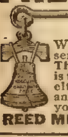

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The Island of Gold

(Continued from page thirteen.)

lies where we left it previously. I would destroy it, but it may prove a beacon to my mates, if any come back. Likewise, I have myself carved something in the face of the cliff that will possibly be of service. Shipmate, if you live and return, I wish you luck. Now, do like unto me—give over your evil ways, dwell in honor, and enjoy your wealth. It is best so.

"The one-tenth equal part of the treasure you will find three feet below this box. Dig and get it! And when 'tis done, set a torch to the ship and burn it to the last plank, lest it rise up to cry out against us in the days to come. Forget not the merry days gone by, but heed me and live thus no longer. Farewell! POI BOXDALL."

Having no wish to be secretive, Robert had read aloud. At the last word he loked up and encountered the gaze of his friends.

"A million still here!" exclaimed Mary.

"Maybe," Mr. Lee answered. "It looks that way, but even if old Boxdall never repented of leaving it, his boatmen may have come back. So he gave a million, then and there, to each! Well, by Jupiter! that's rather good pay for boatmen!"

"We know Boxdall's later history," added Robert. "He clearly went to China, got into the good graces of the hermit people of that day in some mysterious manner, and became the rich banker of Hong Kong. That was a great feat in his time. How he did it we shall never know, nor does it matter."

"What does matter," interposed John, crisply, "is that this letter says there is a million dollars buried three feet below. Get at the digging, boys!" and he waved his hand to the Kanakas.

They fell to willingly, and, having been told that they had only a short distance to dig, they wielded their spades with vim. The earth flew in showers, and the pit was rapidly deepened. The watching party were bound up in the work and Arrowpack had been totally forgotten, but there were others who were wholly forgetful of the treasure.

When Captain Wood gained his chosen post, he could see the line of red canoes without a glass. They were coming on steadily, and their bows pointed at the very center of the island.

"We've got to fight them, sir," said Mate Pond.

"Luckily, we have!" the Captain agreed.

"They can have only one reason for coming."

"Right, Mr. Pond! It does not matter whether they suspect we have stolen their cannon or not, for they are on the rampage anyhow. They had Mary Lee and lost her, so they want to attack Popoatto and kill all here. There is a darnation big surprise in store for them, though!"

"The cannon will sweep them off the face of the earth."

"If they let us use it."

"Shall you warn them?"

"I fire on no man unawares. They shall be warned, but they will heave at us, in spite of that. The fight is sure to come!"

While speaking, they had been standing by one of the guns, and the Captain went closer and touched it almost lovingly.

"Not pretty to look at," he said, "but it stirs up old feelin's in me, an' its stomach has solid food in it. If that food is belched forth among them canoes, somethin' will happen!"

The pirates held their way, and finally drew close to the land. Before then Captain Job had made new preparations, and at what he thought the proper moment, he appeared on a small headland, a white flag in one hand and a speaking trumpet in the other. Seeing that attention was upon him he hailed clearly.

"Ahoy, the boats! I warn you to keep away from here. We know you, Arrowpack, and we know your way. We don't want you here, and we won't have you. Keep away! If you come nearer we will fire upon you!"

The freebooter leader had no trumpet and his voice would carry the distance, but he waved his hand airily and the blades of the natives fell steadily, urging the canoes forward.

"Do you hear me?" the Captain added, his voice pitched louder.

Again Arrowpack waved his hand, but still the advance continued.

"I want," pursued Wood, doggedly, "to make myself clear. We will not have you on this island. Keep away, or we fire upon you!"

The hands of the pirate chief fell, and then came up holding a musket. He lifted the weapon, took quick aim, and fired. The bullet passed so near the Captain that its sound was plainly heard.

The point was settled. Not only did Arrowpack understand, but he had proclaimed war in an unmistakable manner, and had himself fired the first shot. Nevertheless, Wood sent a final warning.

"Hear me!" he called, scarcely moving, though risking another shot. "We have many men here, and full chance to defeat you. We have cannon, muskets, and pistols. If you are wise, go away. I say plainly that if you advance you will be fired upon. Save your lives, if you are not tired of them. We fire at once!"

The talk was over, and he walked out of sight. From that moment his one idea was the carrying out of his plans. His men had been posted carefully. A line of riflemen near the water were to open the ball, first firing as a warning, and then more to the point. Next, if the pirates came on, the big guns were to do their part. It was a plan which favored the foe quite as much as the defenders, but Captain Job's heart had taken a merciful turn, and he dwarfed his desire to rid the Pacific of its scourge and wanted to make the warning clear and simple.

At that moment things were at an interesting point at the treasure pit. Spurred on by the statement in the ancient letter that the buried gold was three feet below, the excavation had been enlarged until another metallic clang told that something out of the common had been encountered.

"The box!" Mary had cried, excitedly.

A box it surely was, and it was steadily uncovered until, with a final scooping away of loose earth, it stood revealed to all.

"Give me the crowbar!" cried John. "I'll break the lock!"

"Here is where we win or lose!" added Robert.

Just then a musket-shot sounded from the shore, and after it came several like discharges in a volley.

The crowbar in John's hands grew stationary.

"What's up?" he demanded, surprised

"Captain Job said nothing about using small arms against the pirates," Robert pursued. "Wish we could see beyond those trees. Can it be the battle is begun? If so, our place is there."

"The Captain was to fight with cannon, so that can't interest us," asserted John, stoutly. "This box does. Here goes!"

He swung the bar and smote the lock heavily, but it held firm. Other blows he dealt, banging away lustily, and all the while he thanked fortune that no further firing was heard. He did not want to hear any. He and his companions were wholly bound up in treasure-hunting, and the possibility of interruption irritated them greatly. Why couldn't the other men defer their fight until the box was open? What right had they to interrupt present proceedings.

"Oh! do get it open!" urged Robert "Bang away, old man"

"We want to see inside," supplemented Mary, with a catch in her breath. "Open it, and let me do the counting."

John braced himself and charged the lock viciously. There was a crack, and the cover sprang up a trifle.

"Open!" cried Robert.

"Let me be the first to look!" exclaimed Mary.

She leaped into the pit, seized upon the cover before John could touch it, and then flung it back.

The treasure was there!—a big pile of ancient golden coins of bullion, and of precious stones that, shut into darkness for over sevenscore years, now flashed forth their rays in gleams of blue, red, yellow, and purest white. A part of the hoard detested by Bradyll Inchwood was there, a gorgeous mass, a glowing, shimmering, wonderful accumulation

"Why," almost gasped Mary. "It is ——"

Boom! The thunder of a cannon burst upon their ears.

"It's the battle!" Robert cried. "Arrowpack is here! Yes, and we have not been notified. Our place is beside our friends, yet—this vast wealth—this heap of gold and jewels! But our place is there! Come, John!"

He started, but his feet lingered and his eyes clung to the treasure, while John was seemingly bound to the spot. Who could leave such a find in the moment of discovery?

Boom! boom! The other two cannon sent forth their deep voices.

"Our place is there!" Robert repeated. "Miss Lee, we leave this treasure in your care. We can't skulk in the background while the fight is on!"

He bounded away, and John, after climbing to the level and gazing back longingly at the gold, hastened after him. Mary stayed, and the Kanakas lingered near her. She sat down by the box and touched its contents. The old Spanish pieces of eight did not quicken her pulse, but, woman-like, she bowed at the feet of the sparkling diamonds and other gems. She lifted them, she moved them here and there, she dwelt lovingly upon their radiance. Nor did she woo in vain, for they returned her attention, and she was wrapped in shooting rays of white, yellow, blue, and red, the pure colors planted by nature in stones for woman's admiration.

Afterward she could tell nothing about the sounds of battle, except that, now and then, she was vaguely conscious that the firing was repeated Even as the Inchwoods had left her, so they found her when they returned, intent on the gems.

"All danger is past," said Robert, quietly. "Arrowpack is beaten, and by his own guns. Most of his canoes are destroyed, together with their crews. The pirate chief is among the slain. He will rob and murder no more. Peacea-

(Continued on page twenty.)

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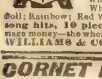

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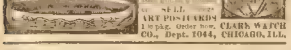

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Snaring Maiden Feet.

(Continued from page three.)

Holme closed the door after him, and Ruth hastened off to summon the servants. In a moment she endured the mortification of seeing them admitted to the room from which she was excluded.

It was a quarter of an hour before that door was opened again. Then Ruth passed in to see Dr. Kimball entering by the other door. The angry doctor bent over the bed for an instant, lifted the patient's wrist, laid it down, and turned toward his hat and coat, not far away.

"It is too late to do anything for the man," he snarled, with an angry glance at the master of the house. "Half an hour ago I might have prolonged his life but your confounded mystery has defeated the one chance that then existed. I wash my hands of the case. The man will be dead in five minutes."

The indignant doctor took his leave, without speaking another word, and in the time designated the man cast up by the sea was dead. Holme knelt by the bedside and laid his hands, as if in benediction, on the white brow.

"After all these years!" he said and then there was a long silence, Ruth standing at his side in a daze.

"What does it all mean, father?" she finally asked.

Holme arose and drew a chair before the grate, motioning the girl to be seated.

"It means, my child," he then said, pacing the floor as he spoke, "that the man lying there escaped from a prison a fortnight ago, and made his way here to die."

"Escaped from a prison!" cried the girl. "And you knew it at the first?"

"He was my brother," Holme went on. "Sir Jasper Holme, born to one of the most ancient titles and one of the finest estates in all England. From him I inherit the title and the estate, for he died without issue."

"The owner of a fine estate and—and a title, to die like this!" cried Ruth.

"He suffered a great wrong at the hands of his fellow men," Holme went on, his voice low and tender. "While traveling in this country, many years ago, he was wrongfully accused of a serious crime—of the crime of murder. The circumstances were all against him and, in spite of all that wealth could do for him, he was convicted and given a life sentence. He escaped, how I do not know, but he had little time and strength left him, and came here—here, where I have waited for him for nearly twenty years."

"Then you thought that he might, in time, escape? It was arranged between you?"

"Yes," was the low reply. "It was all arranged between us. I have lived here all the best years of my life to be able to give him a home, secure from immediate pursuit, when he should come."

"But if he were innocent," the girl began.

"The world makes little distinction, child," was the reply. "He was convicted. Beyond that the world would not go. Soon after Sir Jasper disappeared from England to visit this country and finally to enter the prison, to serve an unjust sentence. He was reported to have died in India, and his affairs were placed in the hands of a man of business. I could not find it in my heart to claim the title or the property while I knew that he lived. I could not even seem to succeed him. I believed that in time he would be found innocent, would come into his own.

"As you have undoubtedly guessed, Sir Jasper was tried and convicted under an assumed name, a name he chose in trifling humor when he set out to make a tour of the United States. No one in England knows of his conviction, and his last thought here was to protect the family name. Therefore Dr. Kimball was not permitted to hear him talk. Even Steven and Sarah, the servants who witnessed the signing of the will he made in his last moments, did not see the name at the bottom of the document."

Ruth bent forward to the fire with thoughtful eyes.

"But, father," she said, presently, "in time the circumstances under which the will was made must be shown."

"Yes, child, but it need not be shown that the man who made the will was the escaped convict who came out of the sea."

"I am afraid," said Ruth. "I don't like the attempt you are making to hide the circumstances of the case. There are always envious men, ready to contest every point of a case involving a large estate. Shall you claim the title and the property?"

"It was his wish," was the reply.

"Is any of the property in this country?"

"Yes, in a large city, increased in value a thousand fold."

"And you are going to it—going to leave this pleasant room, this dear old house, the garden and the flowers we have loved. I can't bear to think of it."

Ruth's eyes roved about the fire-lit room for an instant longingly, but a shudder came to her when at last they rested on the figure on the bed.

"Besides," she said presently, "your claim to the property may be disputed."

"There is little doubt that there will be questions asked," was the answer, "but I am prepared to answer them in a satisfactory manner. The old family solicitor knows the truth, and will assist me. Besides, I believe Sir Jasper made a will years ago before leaving England, and in that case that instrument will be presented. The will made here was made for the purpose of greater safety."

Ruth stretched out her arms appealingly.

"He is dead," she cried, "and a few hours more would have made little difference. I wish I had never gone to the cliff that night! I don't want a different position in the world. I wish I had let him die in the surf. No good can ever come from this legacy."

But pleadings were in vain. In a month the pleasant home on the coast was deserted.

CHAPTER V.

A CASE FOR THE CORONER.

Twelve o'clock on a cold December night, rather more than two years after the night of the wreck on the coast of Maine.

As midnight struck from a church tower, not far away, three men left their lounging chairs in a bachelor flat in a city, regarding the name and location of which there is no need to be exact, and rushed to a window facing the street.

"That was a fire gong," one of the men said, excitedly. "Nice night to be routed out for a fire!"

He stood with one foot on the window bench, his face pressed close to the frosted pane. Six stories down the snow creaked under the feet of the few pedestrians who were still out, and the windows of stores and street cars were dim with frost. Across the street the brilliantly lighted windows of a saloon cast a pale illumination on the pavement.

"Fine night for a fire, anyway!" said another man, who stood with his head half out of a door opening on a balcony, hung high above the pavement. "A great night to hustle for a first-page story! Cheerful time to get insurance figures and to confirm a story that a night watchman was asleep and drunk."

"Your early night, anyway," another said.

"But I may be called out for all that," said the other. "There is no knowing what the city editor will do. Ah, the glory of a double-column shunt heading on the first page!

"And frosted feet and ears and a cold in the head! Well, if you have to write a fire story tonight, I'll have to make the pictures of the flames leaping to the sky, so we break even."

Harry Wall, newspaper illustrator, leaned back against the wall and poked Morgan Harley, star reporter, in the ribs. The two lived there with George Ranson, Sunday editor, and the three kept house in the helter-skelter way known to men. Ordinarily they cooked their meals on the gas range in the kitchen back of the sittingroom, but now and then, when the dishes were dirty, they favored a restaurant on the corner with their patronage.

All were employed on the Star, and this was the "early night" of the reporter and the artist. While they talked, the gong they had heard passed on out of hearing. The reporter turned to his chum.

"Where is George?" he asked.

"Standing in the doorway, letting in the cold," was the reply, "and looking like a headless man leaning against a post. Hey, there, George!"

The Sunday editor stepped back into the room and closed the door.

"It was an ambulance," he said.

"Glory be!" shouted Harley.

The three turned to their easy chairs and their pipes. The rooms, which were four in number, were furnished, according to crude bachelor ideas, and were cluttered with the odds and ends on which artists and writers love to spend their money and pack away in corners.

On the mantel, above the gas grate, a revolver, a "billy," a pair of iron knuckles, two daggers, and a slingshot kept company with a collection of pipes, ranging in value from one cent to a hundred dollars, and a choice collection of photographs, mostly of actresses and authors.

A small stand, placed in a conspicuous position opposite the door, held a human skull—such as artists love to sketch in odd corners of their pictures—and an odd assortment of plunder, such as playing cards, faro chips, deal boxes, dice, and shells, all probably looted from some police station following an official raid on a gambling house. None of the occupants of the room indulged in gambling, either for fun or as a speculation, but the collection looked "classy" and bohemian, so they cherished it and added to it from time to time.

As the friends lounged before the fire the disturbing sound of another gong broke in on the night. The reporter, his nose keen for news, started to his feet and approached the window.

"There is something wrong out there," he said.

"There is something wrong everywhere," commented the Sunday editor.

"Everywhere except the Sunday Star," grinned the artist.

"Wrong!" said the Sunday editor,

(Continued on page twenty-seven.)

DEAFNESS

How to Overcome It

Good News for Those Afflicted. Success by Natural Treatment After Doctors and Hospitals Fail.

There is an eminent New York physician who has had over 32 years of experience and who does not hesitate to assert that he has a remarkably successful home treatment for deafness and head-noises such as buzzing, ringing, etc., in the ears.

This successful specialist is Dr. Coutant, a diplomated, certificated and registered physician who has served the U. S. Government as a medical official and who has held other high positions. This noted physician makes some very straightforward and remarkable statements, all of which he announces he is ready to absolutely prove to those who desire to know the truth.

Dr. Coutant states that the only true method of conquering deafness completely is by removing the causes of it.

In nine cases out of every ten, the Doctor claims the cause is an inflammation of membranes of the ear or passages thereto.

He asserts that the dominating cause of deafness is one that can, in most cases, be reached by means akin to those provided by Nature, applied externally. He is opposed to the old systems of drugging; he proves that vibration, kotalizing and other applications are by far the most successful.

WHY PEOPLE REMAIN DEAF

Dr. Coutant explains how people try one doctor, hospital or remedy after another, yet are never cured of their deafness. Most ear specialists resort to powerful drugs, electric batteries, alcoholic tonics, use of surgical instruments and catheters. Dr. Coutant says: "Let me treat a dozen or a thousand persons in their own homes; they need never come near my office nor see me. They need never swallow a teaspoonful of medicine nor submit to any surgical operation. I am confident that double as many of these deaf persons will regain their hearing by my method as if they were treated in specialists' offices or in hospitals."

Dr. Coutant has written a treatise. It is a most interesting book, giving a great amount of valuable information. Many have said it is worth its weight in gold. As a special gift to our readers the Doctor has decided to give a copy of his new treatise free to every one who applies.

HE WILL GIVE IT FREE

There will be no charge whatever for this valuable work on the subject of deafness, head-noises, their causes and how to cure them at home in the quietude of one's room, speedily, safely and lastingly.

To obtain this book free, it is only necessary to write to Dr. George E. Coutant, 6 G, Station E, New York, N. Y. The treatise will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, free of cost. Those who are deaf (or becoming so) as well as those who are interested in others thus afflicted should take this opportunity, as it may not be given again. I know the Doctor to be an honorable, reliable deafness expert, whose greatest pleasure in life is in enabling deaf people to regain perfect hearing. A letter addressed to him as above, asking for his treatise, will bring it promptly and he will cheerfully give his opinion without charge.

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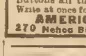

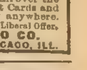

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Chicago Ledger

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Courage is often the result of fear.

The female detective should be a good looker.

One way to avoid success is to dodge your duty.

If you would retain your friends ask few favors.

Sooner or later most of us get what we deserve.

A silver hook is good in fishing for compliments.

People may be well posted without being stuck up.

The man who knows he's in the right need not argue.

A man may easily mistake his prejudice for principle.

Duty calls the factory worker by blowing the whistle.

Remorse and economy are faithful followers of the races.

Many a big man has been humbled in the dust by a little woman.

A bartender says a strong breath usually indicates a weak character.

As people get older they can have a good time without making a fuss about it.

A man never realizes how unimportant he is until he attends his own wedding.

More women would want to do as they like if they only knew what they liked.

One may respect gray hairs without feeling obliged to throw bricks at bald heads.

Blessings often come disguised, but the wolf that comes to your door never wears sheep's clothing.

Don't boast of your knowledge. Practically all you know is what you have read or have been told.

Once in a great while there is a father who would be glad to have his son follow in his footsteps.

A handsome woman may look good to a man, but it takes a truly good woman to get a stranglehold on his heart.

Cupid need not expect to bag certain old bachelors unless he exchanges his bow and arrows for an automatic machine gun.

The theory that there is always room for one more leads many a man to take on a bigger load of damp goods than he is able to carry.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

A Pardonable Mistake.

The cold weather is coming on, and we shall soon see some very remarkable cold weather motoring suits."

The speaker sat in his New York office. He resumed: "I'll be glad when cold weather motoring clothes are made more sightly. They give us such a shaggy look now, don't they? Did you ever hear about the performing bear?

"Well, a country hotel, a good deal frequented by motorists, took in a showman and his performing bear, and one morning the bear escaped from the stable.

"Everybody fled before the animal. The hotel man, however, pursued it courageously. It entered the hotel, mounted the stairway, pushed open a bedroom door and vanished.

"Then the hotel man, close behind, heard from the bedroom an angry exclamation in a feminine voice and the words:

"'George, dear, how often have I forbidden you to come into my room without knocking—and in your automobile coat, too!'"

A Good Sign.

Jinks—Have you sold your home in the country yet?

Minks—N—o, not quite, but I think some of my neighbors are anxious to buy it.

"Why so?"

"They have been trying to make me uncomfortable."

Chickens Come Home.

Mrs. Goodsoul—I think it's a perfect shame that the early settlers killed off the Indians the way they did.

Miss De Pretty—Indeed it is. Just think what lovely furs they used to sell for a few glass beads.

Fisherman's Luck.

The lady bather at a seaside resort in England had got into a hole and she couldn't swim. Nor could the young man on the end of the pier; but when she came up for the first time and he caught sight of her face he shrieked:

"Help!"

A burly fisherman hurried to his side.

"Wot's up?" he hoarsely cried.

"My wife! Drowning! I can't swim! Twenty pounds for you if you swim out and save her!"

In a moment the fisherman was in the sea. A little later he was out of it, with the rescued lady bather. Swelling with expectation, he approached the young man again.

"Well, what about the twenty pounds?" he asked.

But if the young man's face had been ashen before it was deadly pale as he gazed upon the features of the recovering dame.

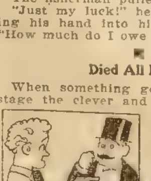
"Y-e-s, I know!" he gasped. "But when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was drowning, and now now it turns out it was my wife's mother!"

The fisherman pulled a long face.

"Just my luck!" he muttered, thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket. "How much do I owe you?"

Died All Right.

When something goes wrong on the stage the clever and experienced actor can always save the situation by faking. Fred Kerby of the Cleveland Players tells us how an old hand worked it one time in Oshkosh or some place like that.



"Die, villain!" the hero said, and shot off his revolver at the villain's head. But the gun didn't go off. Six times the hero pulled the trigger, and not a single explosion took place. The audience was getting hysterical, when the victim struck an attitude and said:

"Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Reginald, but what difference does it make? The thought that I was to be shot has frightened me to death!"

And he rolled over and died

Took the Risk.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of England was talking to a Philadelphia reporter about politics.

"Modern politics," he said, "is worse than modern business. You, here in the States, are so used to political corruption that you joke about it.

"I heard a joke about it on the boat. An aviator—the joke ran—descended in a field and said to a rather well-dressed individual:

"'Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?'

"'What?' the well-dressed individual snarled. 'Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States Senator!'

"'Well, what of it?' said the aviator. 'I'll trust you.'"

He Was Careful.

Attorney General Wickersham at a dinner in Washington said of a wrongheaded financier:

"His methods are so deplorable that when he tries to defend them he goes to pieces. In fact, he reminds me of an old man who was brought up before a country judge.

"'Jethro,' said the judge, 'you are accused of stealing General Johnson's chickens. Have you any witnesses?'

"'No, sah,' old Jethro answered haughtily; 'I hab not sah. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses, sah.'"

* * *

Upstarts seldom reach a high altitude.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

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MARRY—Catalogue with hundreds of photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Out West Stories.

(Continued from page six.)

The small man laughed discordantly "Your friend Jan—just gave me his timber land—we bargained for it—it is mine!" He laughed again, and waved the paper before the tortured gaze of the big woodsman.

The girl turned to Cregier.

"Well," she asked, "aren't you going to do anything?"

Jan shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and looked away at the river. It had lost all—no more dreams of the future—and he couldn't, to save his life, raise hand or voice against the deliberate plunder by the man before him. His mind and muscles were chained to the will of the river, and the river would not command him. For a brief second he struggled to free himself from the strange power; then, hopelessly failing, he straightened up and staggered off.

The girl's voice followed him, and in its tones were disappointment and chagrin.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" she screamed after him, and, when he had shrugged his shoulders once again, she stooped with a sob and buried her face in the cool roundness of her arms. As for Jan, he stumbled on, powerless, with the sobs of the girl and the fiendish chuckle of the storekeeper in his ears. He made straight for his canoe, and started upstream to the deeper woods, where there was silence—where he might wait.

* * * * * *

Far in the north woods there had been no snow. Day after day of heavy rains had filled the streams and swollen them to twice their original size They now roared on through the woods, taking with them the twigs and smaller limbs of the trees which lay in their path. And, deep in the woods, a big man stood, and as he worked, his back steamed with his labors. The muscles stood out in his shirt, while up and down and round in easy, rhythmic swinging blows fell his glistening ax and the white and yellow chips flew about his head in a perfect shower Stump after stump, with the new white scars, showed how the monarchs of the forest had fallen to the woodsman as his spoil. And biggest, strongest of the lumbermen was Jan Cregier. Rather than eat, he worked, and worked mightily

For now in his ears, and through his veins rang the heavy, dull tone of the river. It rose and fell and tore along, and taking strength from its little tributaries it plunged ahead, reckless, powerful, and uncurbed. Grim lines flitted about the big man's face, and each time as the shiny blade buried itself in the tree trunk, his breath puffed out with a hoarse, raw sound

Jan Cregier's whole body was a wealth of motion, energy, and power. His being was awakened—and all at the call of the river

With one mighty effort he threw the ax into the forest, far behind him, and, cursing to himself he left the spot on a lope. It was but the work of a moment to step into the canoe, and in another second he was paddling furiously downstream. Bent on a mission that fired his mind, his blades beat the water, and the powerful current lifted his little boat on its broad breast and swung him downstream. A sort of wild exhilaration filled his being. His voice rose to a song, and its bigness filled the valleys and the woods. Men deep in the forest heard the tune, and lifted wondering faces in the direction from whence it came. Jan had gone wild with the river, and his own voice roared apace with the noises of the angry stream.

Past a shanty town he shot, and dexterously dodged a nest of raft logs. A few men tumbled hurriedly out of the cabins when they heard his voice.

"It is River Jan," they said, and watched the small craft far beyond, swiftly flying in the flecked waters. Hour after hour went by, Unceasingly the man plied the paddle, until at last he came again to Dusquene. The same little store cabin was there, the same clearing, and in the doorway, smoking his pipe, stood the figure of Graves. For a moment he started, then the pipe dropped to the ground, and the little figure scurried into its lair, with the shouts of Jan and the roar of the river booming across the water

With long hair snapping in the wind, Jan Cregier came out of the forest to revenge himself. He jumped madly from the canoe, and splashed through the shallow water to the land. A swift lope brought him to the cabin door, and he plunged within. Until that moment, when he stood facing the armed Graves, Jan did not realize just what he had come for. Then, quite suddenly, he remembered. Cautiously he advanced, step by step, while behind the shiny revolver was the pale, frightened face of the storekeeper.

"You took my timber land," gasped the big woodsman, a spasm of hate crossing his face. The gun never wavered. Jan took a single step forward. "I want that paper, and by God I'll have it! I'll break you!" he threatened.

Graves never wavered.

"One step more and I fire!" he answered coolly.

"Damn you and your gun!" screamed Jan, and he rushed forward. There was the crisp pop of the explosion and the sound of a steel-jacketed shell. A slow, rending moan came from the man with the gun, and he was locked in the woodsman's embrace. From Jan's shoulder came a little red spurt that he brushed at hurriedly, then forgot, for the quarry in his arms was fighting, wriggling, and twisting, and sinking his long teeth into the wounded man's flesh.

"I'll break you!" muttered Jan, and he tightened his arms about the writhing Graves. For a second they struggled; then, with a superhuman effort, the storekeeper flung the big man away from him. But he was back in a moment, and they rolled upon the floor. In Jan's ears was still the angry roar of the river, but he did not know that miles upstream the giant dam at the mill had broken, and was letting an angry flood of water down into the narrow channel. His strength stayed with him, and his arms crushed about those of the little man who was fighting for his life.

Once the storekeeper loosened his left hand, and it quickly sought his belt. A knife flashed hungrily in the air, but the calloused hand of Jan closed about it and wrenched it from his grasp. Useless, the steel clattered to the floor, and lay there glistening in the sunlight. Slowly Jan's free hand clutched at Graves' throat, and once it closed about it, but the storekeeper shook it off. A second time he reached the same position, and again Graves shook it off. This time he had coiled his body, and the recoil had raised the big man high in the air. As he came down, it was with knees doubled up. He struck Graves about in the waist, and the muscles of the storekeeper relaxed slowly, while his face became as white as wax. It was the end. With every bit of breath gone for the moment from his body, the smaller man could do nothing but lie in a faint and gasp and cough.

Jan Cregier sat heavily on the limp body and waited for his enemy to recover. Then, when the first signs of life returned, he stood up. After a moment or two Graves staggered to his feet, and weakly grasped the counter for support

"Where is that paper—the one I sign?" asked Jan.

"I don't know. I don't know," muttered the other man.

To show his disbelief in this statement, Jan slashed the storekeeper across the face a harsh blow, and he fell like lead to the floor

Again he struggled to his feet, and again Jan asked the question. He answered the same way, and again he was knocked to the floor. His face was ghastly to behold now, and the bright red blood was coursing down his features and soaking his shirt.

The third time Jan helped him up, and held him half-suspended and limp before him.

"I want them—the paper I signed—and my land! Where are they?" cried Jan. He shook the man in his powerful grasp, much as a dog would shake a rat. Graves was half dead, and his face looked like a plowed field. Jan was relentless, and he offered but one chance to the man who had cheated him

"I don't know," Graves muttered thickly, after a time. "The girl—I—think—she—took them—when you left!"

"Where is she?" asked Jan, and he shook the wretched creature again.

'Gone—gone," cried Graves, "gone out on the river!"

That was enough for the wild man of the forest. He wanted to hear no more. Abruptly he dropped the limp figure, and it sank to the floor, moaning softly and babbling incoherently.

Once more he plunged to the river bank and stared wildly at the sight he saw there. Where, a few moments before had been an angry river, there was now a thoroughly crazed one. The great log boom had released a veritable flood, and the noise of its coming was like the roar of a hundred cannon. Jan felt a sudden pang of fear. If Julie were on the river and had not reached shelter, she would surely be killed by the great stream which had dominated his life. His eye caught sight of a speck far up on the splotched surface of the first great wave of the flood. A moment and it was near enough to distinguish. He saw, dimly, something waving in the air.

"A broken paddle," he muttered to himself, and at the same time he stripped off his heavier clothing.

Riding high in a small canoe came the girl, Julie. She had broken her paddle, the only fighting chance left with which to combat the flood. Quickly Jan caught the drift of the current and waited for a moment. The canoe and the girl were rushing downstream with terrific speed.

Suddenly Jan threw himself into the water and rose to the surface in a cloud of spray and foam. Inch by inch he fought his way to midstream, and there, swept by the current, he trod water until the fragile boat caught up. The undercurrents sucked hungrily at his feet and his eyes started from his head. His breath came short, in sobs, and his teeth were clenched. The bullet hole in his shoulder was beginning to tell upon his strength, but with a dogged tenacity he hung on, and managed to keep his head above water. A great log grazed him once, and the suction of it dragged him along. For a moment he thought the big river would win. It was his

41

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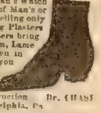

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fight, and he fought, not as his own people had fought, with a strength of land and earth, but with a strength of the river itself. That which had ruled his life was now trying to rule it out of existence.

A second later, when the last of his power was fading, a dark object shot suddenly by, and he saw the face of Julie, pale, frightened, yet determined. Weakly he raised one hand and the girl plunged her own into the water to meet his. For an age, it seemed to him, the strain of his arm was terrific, then slowly but surely he was dragged along by the water. Another swinging log came down with the flood and battered at his body. The girl, breathing as heavily as did he himself, slowly pulled his head and shoulders above water, and in another second the small boat had completed a big circle and glided into calm water directly across from the storekeeper's cabin.

Almost unconscious, Jan, aided by Julie, dragged himself over the side of the boat and landed in the bottom of the craft. The soft face of the girl pressed against his wet one for a moment, and then he raised his head above the side of the boat.

Across the stretch of water he could see the huddled figure of Graves in the doorway, and as he watched, the huddled figure slowly raised itself to its elbow. Jan saw a puff of white smoke, and then heard a rifle bullet whistle over the boat. A moment more he watched the writhing figure across the water. Then it sank down all together, and there were no more shots.

"I broke you!" he shouted weakly at the dead man in the doorway. "I broke you with my hands, and," he turned his face down upon the angry waters of the river, "and I beat you—I beat you—damn you!" He sank weakly to the bottom of the canoe, and the girl closed her arms about him.

"Julie," he muttered faintly, once or twice, "Julie—I want you!"

And as the spirit of the river surged again within him, bringing back his strength and power, the girl stopped over and silently kissed his pain-stricken face.

The Ledger's next week's "Out West Story" will be called "McMaster, the Man." It describes a very dramatic situation and a man's endurance, and you will remember it a long time.

* * *

The Island of Gold

(Continued from page sixteen.)

ble men and women are safe from now on, and children can sleep in peace."

Then Mary fell very serious. It was a great relief to know that the scourge of the neighboring waters was never to harass the various islands, but she had a woman's shrinking from violence, even to the evil-doer. Briefly, she forgot the treasure, but John leaped into the pit and handled the coins greedily.

"I'm no miser," he said presently, "and I don't bow the knee to mammon, but it's good to win a struggle, after coming thousands of miles after a thing."

"And," Robert added, "It's good to be able to pay every seaman in the Fair Lady, and every Kanaka who has helped us—more especially Zattillo—from the hunted-for treasure, and pay them richly. We will make every man independent for life."

"I'm glad," said John, letting a shower of coins slip from his hands back into the box, "that we came to the Pacific."

Robert turned his gaze upon Mary Lee.

"So am I," he agreed, whereupon she blushed. She did not explain why.

At noon a bountiful dinner was eaten on Popoatto, a feast unusual even at Daniel Lee's well-provided board. No cloud marred the repast. The visible seaboard was calm and untroubled, and dotted by no sail save the Fair Lady. The red canoes were gone, some to the depths of the sea and some back to Watihoe, but, a week later, the latter island was deserted. Deprived of Arrowpack, their leader, and badly decimated in numbers, the surviving pirates had fled to remoter waters, and they appeared no more where they had once been a scourge. The history of the small treasure found on Watihoe was never learned.

Abner Caswell and the brig White Wing, too, were seen no more in the Pacific. There was reason to believe Arrowpack had inflicted no damage upon his sometime ally after their quarrel, and it was certain that Abner returned to New York, empty-handed and disappointed. Why he went so suddenly was not clear, though one event explained something.

No clew had been obtained to the identity of the sailor who had tried to scuttle the Fair Lady, until, the morning before the final fight, it was found that one of Captain Job's hands, a seaman named Pentley, was missing. He had taken a small boat and gone, nobody knew where. Two years afterward, Ben Witter, being in London, met Pentley again, and, the man being ill and miserably poor, generously gave him aid, whereupon the fellow admitted that he was the would-be scuttler. No effort was made to punish Abner, for both the Inchwoods shrank from publicity.

Their future did not lie with the Atlantic coast. Having become admirers of the Pacific, they remained there, and after an interesting social occasion, which, by the way, was the marriage of Robert and Mary, they held fast to the fortunes of the Lees, dividing their time between San Francisco and the Island of Gold.

All the faithful sailors of the Fair Lady, as well as the helpful natives, were so well supplied with money that they felt themselves rich, and after they were thus cared for, it was found that the treasure amounted to a trifle more than a million dollars. How far Zeraglio's foremost hand, the ex-goldbeater, had been out of the way in his estimate of the original amount of the piratical hoard, and whether the first Pol Boxdall had correctly stated how much he took away, was never known.

Zattillo had not had chance personally to wreak vengeance upon Arrowpack, but he accepted the situation without show of disappointment. Having taken a strong fancy to the Inchwoods, he was much in their company, but he lived as a free man, married a Kanaka of Popoatto, and was much esteemed in his circle of life.

Captain Wood remained on the Pacific, and when the Fair Lady was purchased by the Inchwoods and converted into a pleasure vessel, he acted as its skipper whenever its bows cut the Pacific waters.

The End.

* * *

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By Ellis Parker Butler

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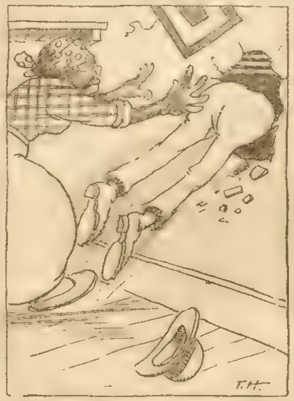
There is no doubt that Rastus G. Diggs one of the most prominent colored citizens of Betzville, but he is a mean man, and we are glad to learn that he received his just deserts last Thursday.

About six years ago Rastus married Angelica Petaluma Johnson, noted all through this county for her large, level-topped feet, and all went merry as a marraige bell until about two years ago, when old Mrs. Johnson came to live with them. As soon as his mother-in-law entered the house the mean nature of Rastus made itself conspicuous, for he did nothing but pick on her all day long. Mrs. Angelica Petaluma Johnson did all she could to protect her poor old mother, who was deaf as a post, and every night that winter, after Rastus had been cruel to her mother, she would put one of her large, cold light-brown feet in the middle of his back until he had the shivers, and then she would give him a shove and land him up against the wall on the other side of the room. In this way she exerted a mild and restraining influence on her husband, as a good wife should, but when she died, about a year ago, Rastus was perfectly unrestrained, and remarked that he had supported his mother-in-law in indolence long enough, and now he was going to get some work out of her.



She threw him through the hole in the wall.

His mother-in-law was a weak little woman with no muscle at all, and so deaf she could not hear anything; but Rastus had none of the finer feelings of a man. He let her know that she would have to answer the door bell from that time on, although she was so feeble she could hardly totter, and the way he arranged it was meanness itself.

As she could not hear the bell, he rigged up a shelf on hinges, with a catch at one end, and he fastened the wire from the door bell on to the catch. Then he put a twenty-four-pound cannon ball on the shelf, and every time any one pulled the door bell the catch slipped and the shelf turned over and the cannon ball fell six feet and a half to the floor and shook the house so that the windows rattled. Mrs. Johnson could not hear it, but she could feel the jar, if she were near enough, and when she felt the jar she had to run to the door and open it. And after she had opened the door she had to go—feeble as she was—and put the cannon ball back on the shelf, to be ready for the next time. It was hard work for the poor old thing, but she had to obey, because she was so feeble and Rastus was a big, strong man.

It gave Rastus a great deal of pleasure to sneak around the house and pull the door bell, and then run before Mrs. Johnson could reach the door, so that she had her work for nothing, but the meanest thing he did was to slyly push her chair back until it was directly under the shelf. When the bell was pulled, then, the cannon ball would fall immediately on Mrs. Johnson's head, and she would know the bell had been pulled even if she were asleep at the time.

Mrs. Johnson had a strong, durable head, and usually the cannon ball would bounce off it without harming her, but it was annoying to be awakened from a sound sleep, and once or twice the cannon ball bounced into her lap and hurt her hands. It was after one of these times that she took to wearing mittens, even in hot weather, when mittens are annoying and heat up the hands, but Rastus did not care. He seemed to have lost the finer instincts of man, and when Mrs. Johnson had become so used to having the cannon ball alight on her head that it did not awaken her, he went and bought a fifty-pound one. This awakened her nearly every time, but she did not say anything, because he was a strong man and she was only a feeble old lady.

In a few months the fifty-pound cannon ball would not awaken Mrs. Johnson when it fell on her head, for it had fallen so often it had caused a callous to form on the top of her head, and all she would do when the cannon ball hit her on the head would be to start slightly in her dreams. So Rastus went to town and bought a 100-pound cannon ball.

Even his most careless neighbors said it was too much, and that he was liable to drive her head entirely out of sight between her shoulders, sooner or later, by repeated blows, and that when her head was lower than her shoulders the cannon ball would be likely to strike on her shoulder blades and break one of them, but nothing of the kind happened. At that Rastus became angry and went to town to get a 150-pound cannon ball, but he could not get one. Cannon balls were out of date, and the only thing he could get was a long, pointed steel projectile, such as the big modern guns use.

When Mrs. Johnson saw this, even her gentle temper was ruffled. It was one thing to have smooth round cannon balls fall on her head, but it was another to have the sharp end of a steel projectile, loaded with dynamite, for all she knew, strike her head, point first. For a minute she said nothing when Rastus handed her the projectile, and she, almost unconsciously began to raise the projectile to put it on the shelf, for she had become so used to doing this that she did it by reflex action. But suddenly the injustice of it all came into her mind, and she drew the projectile back and threw it through the wall. It passed on into the barn and killed the cow.

Rastus stood amazed to see a feeble old lady handle a projectile of that weight in that way, for he had forgotten that a year of lifting cannon balls must have built up a fine lot of hard muscle in her arms, and while he was standing amazed, Mrs. Johnson reached out and seized him, and with one swift cast of her hand threw him through the hole in the wall made by the projectile. He passed on into the barn and into the cavity the projectile had made in the cow, and half out the other side of the cow, and when the veterinary was sent for he could hardly tell whether it was a colored gentleman trying to wear a cow as a belt, or a cow that had been shot through from side to side by a human dark brown arrow.

They had to pull Rastus out of the cow with a derrick, but it proved a valuable lesson to him. Since last Thursday he has been appreciably more gentle to his mother-in-law.

Don't fail to read next week's Funny-Hap in the Ledger. It is all about "Rocco Mackintosh and His Two Natures." It will help you to laugh and grow fat.

* * *

A Satisfactory Answer.

When Attorney-General Wickersham was a boy growing up, and lived in Tenth street near Fifth avenue, New York, the tide of immigration was already beginning to flow in that direction. In consequence, it was a rough crowd of boys of all nationalities that gathered about the curb daily to play their street games.

Master Wickersham was frequently admonished by his mother to avoid the neighborhood toughs. On one occasion she emphasized her remarks by saying:

"You know what I mean, son; play only with boys whose fathers are gentlemen."

This speech made quite an impression on the lad. A few days later he entered the library, where his mother was entertaining guests, accompanied by a dirty, unkempt little Italian.

"See, mother," he exclaimed triumphantly, "I've brought Tony home to play with me. I asked him if his father was a gentleman, and he said he was."

* * *

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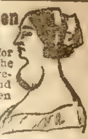

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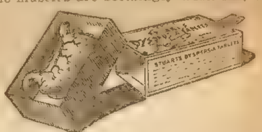
All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, at 50 cents a box.



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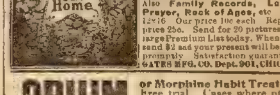

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The Young Settlers;

Or, In the Days of Daniel Boone

By Captain Jack Judson

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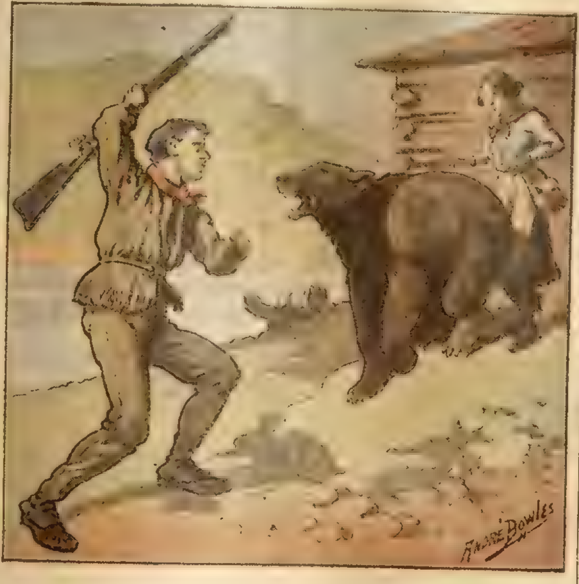
CHAPTER X.

THE FIGHT AT THE SPRING.

FOR TWO days the siege of Boonesborough went on. There were frequent engagements between whites and Indians, and not a few fell on both sides. The wily foes exerted all their powers to overcome the gallant defenders, but the ingenuity and heroism of Boone and his companions baffled them at every point.

One night the Indians suddenly vanished. Boone was not satisfied that th[illegible] [illegible] had given up their contest, for he knew too well the nature of the Shawnees, who, aided by Simon Girty and Mike Nullen, the white [illegible] would resort to all sorts of t[illegible] [illegible] their purpose.



He leaped toward the bear.

The little garrison had nearly exhausted its water supply, which came from a spring on the outside of the stockade and several hundred yards from the main gate. Believing that they would not shoot down women while they had hopes of tolling the men from the fort, some of the females volunteered to get the supply of water. Jack and Justin at once volunteered to go with them to the spring and the little party, consisting of three matrons and as many young girls, started from the fort.

The spring was within sight of the stockade and just in rifle range, and the pioneers lined the walls ready to protect them if necessary. It was a bright morning and the forest was redolent with the calls of birds.

The disappearance of Lucy MacDonald, which was explained by the strange note that had fallen into Jack's hands, gave both boys a good deal of worry. The fear expressed in it that she might be subjected to danger by going back to the Indians put the boys in great alarm. Kenton, who never had any love for his foes, declared that the girl deserved to be scalped, and Jack, who resented this remark, still further inflamed the borderer's passions.

The spring was reached in safety. There was not a foe in sight, and the vessels were soon filled with the health-giving fluid. As they were about to set out on their return to the fort, the forest resounded with war whoops, and all turned to see the fiends of the trail rushing down upon them.

"To the fort! to the fort!" cried Justin, as he faced the rushing horde.

The women did not need this injunction. In an instant all were running toward the stockade, and the men there were afraid to fire lest their bullets should strike down some of the heroic women.

Jack and Justin covered the hasty retreat with their weapons, and fired straight into the teeth of the enemy. Two warriors dropped at the crack of the rifles, but the others came on. Boone and his men sallied from the fort and made use of their rifles. Four more Indians bit the dust.

At that moment Jack was stunned by a bullet and fell headlong. Before he could rise, he was pounced upon by a stalwart savage and jerked to his feet. He expected to be tomahawked without mercy, but to his surprise he was hurried over the ground toward the cover to which the Indians had retreated to keep out of range of the deadly rifles of the fort.

The gate was closed as the terrified women entered, but Jack was a prisoner.

"Let the young rat go!" cried Kenton. "He got what he deserved, and I hope the redskins will treat him in no gentle manner."

Old Baldy heard these words and shut his teeth hard. As for poor Jack, he soon found himself in the hands of the forest horde. He was surrounded by the whole band, which glared at him in unmistakable vengeance. He looked around for Simon Girty, and presently that worthy stepped forward.

"Well, my young fox, you're back again," he cried, leering into the boy's face with all his brutality. "I think we'll make short work of you now."

Jack did not reply, but coolly turned his back on the renegade.

The Indians hovered in ambush all that day, hoping that the borderers would sally forth to rescue Jack, and thus fall into an Indian snare. When night began to let down her starry curtain Jack was hurried away. He was placed under a strong guard and the watchful eyes of his captors were not removed from him for a moment.

Words cannot describe his thoughts. He was deprived of the companionship of Justin, and there was no one near to whom he could unburden his thoughts. He felt that he was going back to perils of which he had never dreamed. The scowling visages of the Indians caused hope to flee from his bosom, and he tramped the long dark way in silence.

All at once he felt a hand gently press his arm. He dared not look, for fear of meeting the flashing eyes of an enemy, but when the pressure was repeated he turned his head gently to the left.

A young warrior was walking by his side and their glances met. Jack almost held his breath. Somewhere he had seen that face, and now he saw that the eyes held no vindictiveness.

"White boy keep up stout heart," said a low voice, in good English. "Him no forget Red Mink, eh?"

The heart of the forlorn captive suddenly bounded with hope. Surely he had not forgotten Red Mink, the Shawnee whom he and Justin had befriended in Boonesborough, and who had escaped by leaping over the stockade wall, as we

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have seen. He did not speak with his lips, but he answered Red Mink with his eyes

Some miles from the fort the Indian band came to a halt. Fires were built, and the w[illegible] ty concluded to camp for the night. Jack was placed at the foot of a tree, and a stout cord secured him to the trunk. He looked around for Red Mink, but that warrior was not to be seen. Not far off stood the immobile figure of Mike Nullen, the White Shawnee, and Jack saw that he was being closely watched by this inhuman wretch

After a hearty meal on jerked venison the Indians prepared to sleep

Of himself Jack knew that he could not loosen the thongs that secured him, and hope again took flight. One by one the Indians dropped asleep, until at last none but his guards were awa[illegible] The fires had burned low [illegible] from the dark re[illegible] ing forest the lone cr[illegible] the prowling wolf. More than [illegible] he tested the cords, only to [illegible] did so the deeper they [illegible] to cut into his flesh

At length even the guards dozed, and then sank into deep sl[illegible]

Jack's thought[illegible] Sleep would not come [illegible] he lay still, wa[illegible] forms of his captors, wo[illegible] the next day would brin[illegible] once he heard a slight noise behind the tree. At the same m[illegible] bonds a tug, and to [illegible] that he could move his ha[illegible]

"Step lightly [illegible] instantly reco[illegible] like a cat.'

Jack threw [illegible] rose to his feet. H[illegible] form of the nearest [illegible] breath as his bl[illegible] vein. A few twists [illegible] bonds fell to the [illegible] without the slighte[illegible] way toward the fi[illegible]

He w[illegible] weapo[illegible] little concern; f[illegible] forest was befor[illegible] him. He [illegible] to bolt away, w[illegible] a lou[illegible] upon his ears, and he c[illegible] t a l[illegible] over his shoulder. The sight [illegible] thrilled his every nerve.

In the light of a fire wh[illegible]ch a p[illegible] sined foot had kicked into l[illegible] a tall figure clad as never [illegible] had [illegible] a red man. It seemed to J[illegible] figure was almost seven f[illegible] and it was fantastically clad [illegible] per part of the body was painte[illegible] colors, a panther skin was dropp[illegible] the loins, and it was edged wit[illegible] claws. Eagle feathers stood up [illegible] the head, and beneath the beetli[illegible] glittered a pair of eyes that s[illegible] send out sparks of fire.

The yell had brought every Indian t[illegible] his feet.

"Wabassin has come!" [illegible] ous being. "He has come to the S[illegible] nees with a message from the [illegible] Spirit. They are to slay every whit[illegible] captive in their hands. [illegible] must wipe out the wrong the r[illegible] has endured at the hands of the pal[illegible] faces 'Blood! blood!' cries the Manitou."

The words sou[illegible] knell of doom

"We have but one captive," Jack heard Black Panther say, in answer to the Indian proph[illegible]

"Death to hin [illegible]" was the reply

There wa[illegible] turning by every Indian toward the tree from which Jack had just escaped [illegible] doubted not by the help of Red Mink, and the boy waited but an instant for results

"He is gone! Who is the Indian traitor?" exclaimed the war chief of the Shawnees

Jack waited to hear no more. The next second he was bounding over the ground with all his sp[illegible]

He heard the confusion which reigned behind him. This only lent speed to his limbs, and he raced along, leaping over obstructions as they presented themselves, and [illegible] himself for a terrible flight If he had only been armed, he might hope to make a resistance, if it should come to that, but, being without a weapon of any kind, he was compelled to trust to his own unaided powers

On, on, he went, with yells of every description behind him. Suddenly he found himself on the bank of a stream which he remembered having crossed a few hours before.

A grapevine dangled from a tree on the bank, and Jack, clutching it, swung himself outward and dropped into the water. In another moment he was wading down the stream in an effort to break his trail. Some distance from the spot where he had taken to the water, he reached a place where the bank seemed to bend inward among some bushes. The panting boy hailed the discovery with joy, and was soon ensconced behind the protecting shrubbery, where he compressed his body into the smallest possible space and held his breath.

For a few minutes the silence of the forest was unbroken. Then he heard the scarlet wolves upon his track. At length he ventured to part the bushes. He saw the moonlight on the water, but he saw more than this. Almost within reach of his arm was a human foot, and he knew that one of his pursuers was standing at the very mouth of his retreat. Jack drew back with a shudder.

CHAPTER XI.

A GIRL AND A BEAR.

To be caught at last in a trap like that! Jack watched the foot, and wondered if its owner would peer into his cave.

For some minutes the Indian remained at the mouth of the aperture, and at last, to the boy's great relief, glided away, and Jack heard his footfalls die out gradually. He remained in his hiding-place till not a sound save the lapping of the tide reached his ears, then, creeping forth, he made haste to quit the dangerous spot.

The whole country was strange to him, but during the journey from the scene of his capture, he had taken some observations and at length certain places became invested with a familiarity As these signs grew in number, he renewed hope and was soon bounding along, hoping that he was on the trail to Booneshorough

Suddenly a rifle shot rang out with many echoes, and he stopped in his tracks. The report had come from within a short distance to his right, and as but the one shot was heard, he began cautiously to investigate. As he gained the summit of a rise, he looked downward, and saw the moonlight falling on a cleared spot of some little extent.

The mystery of the shot was clear enough now. Standing erect, with a [illegible] rifle was none other than Lucy McDonald or the Gentle Fawn of the [illegible]

The girl's foe was facing her with all the ferociousness of his savage being. A huge bear, bleeding from the girl's shot, stood on his hind feet, glaring at her from the depths of his pig-like eyes and about to rush upon her. Never before had Jack Niekirk so longed for his own trusty weapon.

The big king of the Kentucky and Ohio forests suddenly growled and darted at his prey A shriek leaped from the girl's throat, and when the bear came within reach she brought the butt of the rifle down upon his snout, which caused him to retreat a step. Jack saw that the fight was an unequal one. Bruin was not going to give up his quarry without a stern battle, and the girl was not equal to continue the conflict very long

With a loud shout at the animal, to engage his attention, Jack sprang down the hill. Old Ephraim turned his head and greeted Lucy's unexpected ally with a sonorous grunt. At the same time the girl caught sight of Jack.

Feeling her powers giving way, she tossed the unloaded rifle toward the young borderer, and Jack picked it up as it alighted at his feet. Without a word he leaped toward the bear, before the brute could get over his surprise, and the next moment was belaboring him with all his might. It was give and take for several moments. The monster suddenly sent Jack's weapon flying from his grasp, and then closed on him, throwing his powerful forearms about him to give the death hug. They went to the ground together.

There was little hope for Jack in the embraces of the grim ogre of the backwoods. He felt the bear's hot breath on his cheek, and the red tongue seemed to be cutting gashes in his face. Tighter and tighter grew the hug of the animal.

All at once Jack dimly saw a figure bending over them. He saw an arm rise and fall in rapid succession. He heard the grunts of pain which the dazing strokes drew from his enemy, but the hand did not desist. At length the huge carcass of the bear rolled over, and Jack got upon his feet. The girl was standing beside him with the dripping knife in her hand.

"You are not hurt?" were her first words, as she confronted Jack.

"Not dead yet," he answered, with a smile.

"I am glad. I thought the bear had finished you."

"I owe my life to you," Jack replied. "But why do I find you here? I thought ——"

"That I had gone back to the old life?" interrupted the girl. "You found my writing, then?"

"I found it in my cabin at the fort."

"The old Indian mother seemed to come to me in my dreams, and I thought I must go to her. But I have decided otherwise. But why are you here and alone?"

(Continued on page twenty-four.)

If You HAVE CATARRH

You are in Danger of CONSUMPTION DEAFNESS

READ the story told in these pictures. A story in BLACK AND WHITE. The BLACK area shows the EXTENT of the disease. The WHITE shows the area reached by Different Remedies.

Fig 1

[illegible] the sphenoidal [illegible] CATARRH IN THE [illegible] IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

SNUFFS BALMS AND CREAMS GO THUS FAR
BUT NO FARTHER
E F G
H
D
B
J
K
M
L

Fig 2

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

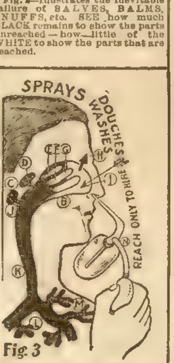

Fig 3

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled would speedily relieve all catharrhal diseases. As shown in the **accompanying illustrations** the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy **fights** and **kills** Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that **it can be used at home** by man, woman or child.

DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY
REACHES HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE
AND HERE
G F E
H
I
D
C
B
J
K
M
L

Fig 4.

Fig. 4—THE WHITE, representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F and G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail **a liberal trial treatment entirely free.** If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, **you cannot afford to neglect the use of this grand remedy.** Catarrh, if neglected, will extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor **goes to every spot and gives immediate relief,** you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, or the coupon, with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, will bring you this FREE TRIAL TREATMENT—will also bring you free an illustrated book.

CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name ____________

Town ____________

Street or R. F. D. ____________ **State** ________

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

FOR ALL MEN AND WOMEN

I will give you free a sample of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, that have brought health and happiness to thousands—also a book on any chronic disease you need.

The story of my free offer to you is quickly told. During my many years of practice I have used numerous combinations of curative medicines for liver ills. I have kept records of results in case after case, so that my staff of physicians and surgeons, at the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., are able to diagnose and treat cases at a distance with uniform good results. I am going to send you free a sample package of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which will relieve biliousness and ill health due to a disordered liver. Write at once for a sample or a book.

But for the *permanent relief* of blood disorders and impurities, I can recommend my ***"Golden Medical Discovery"***—a blood medicine without alcohol.—R. V. PIERCE, M. D., *Buffalo, N. Y.*

Nature's Way Is The Best.

Buried deep in our American forest we find bloodroot, queen's root, mandrake and stone root, golden seal, Oregon grape root and cherrybark. Of these Dr. R. V. Pierce made a pure glyceric extract which has been favorably known for over forty years. He called it "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY."

This "Discovery" purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the entire system in Nature's own way. It's just the tissue builder and tonic you require.

R.V. Pierce M.D.

Dr. Pierce says:—"Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, heartburn, foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stomach, biliousness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on-coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken." Sold by all principal dealers in medicines.

To find out more about the above mentioned diseases and all about the body in health and disease, get the Common Sense Medical Adviser—the People's Schoolmaster in Medicine—revised and up-to-date book of 1000 pages—which treats of diseased conditions and the practical, successful treatment thereof. Cloth-bound sent post-paid on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued from page twenty-three.)

The young forester explained all in a few words.

"I think you owe a good deal to Red Mink," said she; "for it must have been the young Shawnee who freed you from your bonds. But for the coming of the prophet you would have got away without pursuit. He is constantly stirring up the Indians against the whites. It would be a good thing if some bullet would find that mischief-maker's heart."

"Mine will, if ever I get a chance!" cried Jack, with spirit.

Lucy now said that she was ready to go back to the fort and forever remain with the whites, and offered to accompany Jack, an offer which he gladly accepted.

"There is danger between here and Boonesborough," she proceeded. "The forest seems to be full of Indians, for I have evaded several war parties, and have had the good fortune to escape their notice. The big river is miles to the southward, but once across it we may conclude that we are safe."

"Let us hasten, then, for there is death in these forests."

"Yes, death from more than Indians," and the girl's gaze wandered to the dead bear, whose bulk lay in the moonlight.

The night was still far from the gates of dawn, but the couple thus strangely thrown together resolved to hasten on as rapidly as possible. Certain signs in the heavens at last told them that the morning was near, and Jack suddenly pointed forward. The mist was beginning to rise from the river

"There is a chance of finding a hidden canoe," said Lucy. "It will prove a godsend to us."

They reached the wide waters of the stream, and began their search for a boat.

"Look!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly clutching the youth's arm, as she pointed away. "The red vultures never sleep."

Jack looked over her outstretched arm and recoiled. Not many yards from them, and on a bare rock which jutted out into the water, stood a magnificent Indian. His slender rifle rested in the hollow of his arm, and he was gazing across the river, from which the mists were slowly ascending. The pair watched him a long time in silence.

"It is Crouching Catamount," whispered Lucy McDonald.

"Ah! The Shawnee with whom Old Baldy had his tussle in our cabin."

"He is one of the fiercest warriors of the Shawnee nation, and once he did me a wrong."

Jack saw the eyes of the girl glitter when he looked at her, and her rifle rose slowly to her shoulder.

"Don't!" admonished Jack. "He may not be alone."

"I may never have another chance to pay that red fiend back," was the response, which was spoken without a movement of the girl's head. "To spare him now would be to imperil the lives of more than one of my people. Crouching Catamount must die!"

Jack held his breath, as he watched the stalwart figure now clearly revealed in the full flush of the new day.

The report of the girl's weapon rang out shrill and clear. The giant Shawnee threw up his hands, uttering at the same moment a wild cry, and pitched headlong from the rock into the rippling water.

"There!" said Lucy. "I have paid off the old score"

"But horrors! Look yonder."

A canoe had shot out from among the bushes of the bank not far from the rock of death, and four Indians were paddling toward the spot where Crouching Catamount had disappeared.

"Come!" cried the girl, who had by this time almost finished reloading her rifle. "We have not been seen and may escape."

They plunged back into the forest and ran for their lives. Jack now had a good example of nimbleness, for Lucy McDonald seemed to possess the fleetness of a deer, and, though he was a good runner himself, he found it trying to keep in her wake. The late captive of the Shawnees did not pause until they were more than a mile from the scene of the warrior's end.

"I think we have eluded the red wolves," she said, turning upon her companion with a smile.

"But not the four-footed ones," answered Jack, whose keen ears had caught certain sounds behind them

"I hear the beasts," was the reply, as the girl listened.

They stood for a few moments with the terrible sounds in their ears.

"Better the wolf than the Shawnee," spoke Lucy, as some color fled from her face, for she knew the nature of the great gray pack.

The sounds grew more terrible every moment. The wolves were near at hand

"There seems no escape but the river and we have no canoe," Jack said, looking at the silent girl.

"But the trees, the trees!" was the reply.

This, indeed, seemed their only hope, and selecting a tree which offered asylum, they ascended to the lowest fork and waited. Suddenly there burst into sight a huge object, then another and another, until twenty were under the tree

Gentle Fawn looked down at the pack, whose crimson tongues lolled from their cavernous mouths. Her fingers itched to press the trigger, but she withheld her desire

What terrible foes they were! Squatted on their haunches, they glared upward at the pair in the fork of the tree, and seemed to lick their lips in anticipation.

"The day will frighten them off," Lucy said. "If they will only go before the redmen come."

Minutes seemed hours to the besieged As the light grew brighter, the wolves looked around and then back at the prey just beyond their reach. One by one they began to slink off. As the last one disappeared, the girl turned to Jack with a smile of relief

"Now for the river again," she said, as they clambered down from their perch.

It did not take them long to reach the stream bathed in the sunlight, and there they paused and looked across. Safety lay on the other side, but how were they to reach it?

Lucy uttered a sudden cry. A white man, in full border costume, had crossed their view.

"It is Kenton!" ejaculated the youth.

At that moment a rifle cracked, and Simon Kenton, falling to his knees suddenly sprang up and darted off with half a dozen painted fiends at full cry after him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAD INDIAN QUEEN.

Jack and Gentle Fawn realized that the accident that had befallen Kenton would surely inure to their benefit. They saw pursuers and pursued vanish in the forest, and then turned to their own fortunes.

It was not the first time Simon Kenton had had a pack of red wolves at his heels, and he showed his wonderful agility in the manner in which he got over the ground. The yells soon died away, but not till a rifle had rung out in the distance, and Jack and his companion exchanged looks

"Simon has turned on his enemies," said the border boy, "and I'll wager there is one Indian less to wear war paint."

"I doubt it not," was the reply.

The young couple now turned to the river again, and looked for a canoe. None, however, rewarded them, and all at once they heard sounds that paled their cheeks. The red foes were coming back'

Lucy, with a courageous heart, turned toward the noises and cocked her weapon.

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Before
After

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This Wife and Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE

How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 167 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

"If they find us," she said, in a low voice, as she threw a hasty glance at Jack, "they shall find one bullet for a painted head."

On came the Indians, now growling out their rage as they bounded over the forest trail, and soon the couple saw a number of dark figures within easy rifle shot. The girl watched them in silence.

At last it became apparent that they were more anxious to recover the body of Crouching Catamount, and that they believed he had fallen from Kenton's shot. After a little search in the water the form was dragged forth amid the execrations of the savages, and Jack and Lucy saw them carry it away.

"A narrow escape," said Jack. "After all, your shot has been of advantage to us."

Gentle Fawn nodded.

"I could not resist the temptation to rid the world of that red monster," she said. "He was the most cruel of all the Shawnees, and richly deserved the fate I meted out to him."

What had become of Kenton they did not know. Perchance he had turned on the trail and was coming back, not satisfied with his escape, but eager to add several scalps to his belt.

"Look!" suddenly whispered the girl, pointing toward the middle of the stream.

Jack turned his eyes in that direction, and perceived a darkish object on the water.

"It is a canoe," said he, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, but it is not adrift."

The object seemed to be nearing the spot where they stood, and as the light grew stronger, they saw that it was propelled by a woman who stood erect in the middle of the craft.

"It is the Mad Queen of the Shawnees," Lucy breathed, seizing Jack's wrist, but not removing her gaze from the thing on the water.

"The Mad Queen?" echoed the boy.

"Yes, Mattabasin," was the low reply. "She is more to be feared than a dozen warriors. She roams the forests at will, and spares no one with a white face. It is said that she slays Indians as well, but the savages will not kill her, owing to their dread of any one not in their right mind."

They now fell to watching the woman in the canoe. The light craft continued to approach the shore, and presently its prow was run against the bank within a few feet of where they stood.

The figure of the Mad Queen was now fully revealed. She was oddly clad, and her dress gave evidence of her mental condition. She wore about her throat the stuffed body of a rattlesnake, and smaller serpents hung pendant from her bosom. She crooned a weird song as she moored the boat to some bushes, and then looked around. Jack and Lucy compressed their bodies into the smallest space possible.

Suddenly she stooped and ran her hand beneath the tall grass at the foot of a tree, and withdrew it to wave something above her head. It was a scalp with long flaxen hair, and both Jack and Lucy shuddered as they gazed upon it. Presently Mattabasin strode into the woods, still clutching the bloody sign of her fiendishness.

"Now for the canoe!" cried Lucy, darting forward. "Fortune has placed deliverance in our hands."

Before Jack could reach her side, she was releasing the craft from its moorings. She had deposited her rifle near by, and seemed to have forgotten it.

In an instant Jack was thrilled by a cry which rang in his ears for many years. He turned and saw the Mad Queen rushing down upon them, wild cries issuing from her throat, and her mien most frightful to behold.

"Gentle Fawn sprang erect, but the mad woman had caught up the rifle and was pointing it at her head. She seemed to see no one but Gentle Fawn, and with her finger at the trigger, she looked the very incarnation of murder. Jack's blood seemed to ooze out of his finger ends, as the sight almost paralyzed him.

"What would Mattabasin do?" asked Lucy, in far calmer tones than the youth thought she could utter under the circumstances.

The insane creature laughed.

"Mattabasin would kill, kill, kill!" was the thrilling response. "She kills for the Great Spirit. She is directed by the Manitou to spare not, but to spill the blood of [illegible] trailers of the forest."

Lucy, undeterred by these startling words, kept her head.

"Mattabasin can kill if she waits a moment," said she, eyeing the mad thing closely. "If Mattabasin will look at the warrior behind her she can kill another."

The trick succeeded. The strange creature turned her head, and at that moment Gentle Fawn launched herself forward and closed with Mattabasin. The Indian woman let out a wild cry and struggled in the grasp of her young adversary. But she possessed the strength of a lioness, and Jack, remembering the battle with the bear, sprang to Lucy's assistance.

Between them, although it took all their strength, they conquered the mad woman. Mattabasin was bound with strips of inner bark and left on the ground. She spat out her fury in incoherent language, which was quite sufficient to horrify her listeners.

"The boat! The boat!" cried the girl."

Leaving Mattabasin on the ground, they sprang toward the water's edge and into the canoe.

A shot rang out in the forest. A bullet whistled over their heads, but did not deter them. Jack pushed the canoe from the bank, and it spun away.

"Hold there!" cried a voice, in good

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English. "I want that canoe for myself."

The speaker had suddenly made his appearance, and they saw a white man clad as an Indian gazing at them, with no friendship in his dark eyes.

"The White Shawnee!" cried Lucy.

"Mike Nullen, the renegade."

"Take the oars, Jack," exclaimed the girl. "I'll attend to that monster."

Jack obeyed, and the girl threw her weapon to her shoulder and covered the figure of the man.

"One step," said she over the gleaming barrel, "and I'll rid the woods of their evil genius."

Mike Nullen scowled.

"I'm not alone," said he. "Look! Here they come!"

As if in answer to his words the forest seemed alive with savages. They rushed forward in a host, brandishing their war weapons and filling the welkin with their yells.

"On! on!" cried Gentle Fawn.

Jack put all his strength into the oars. The boat slipped away, gaining additional speed with each second, and Lucy stood in the middle of it and still covered the renegade.

"Old Baldy says Mike Nullen belongs to him," said Jack, looking up into her face.

"Then I'll only wing the nend."

Her rifle spoke with her last word, and the renegade, dropping his rifle, writhed among the leaves. Without reloading, Gentle Fawn sprang to Jack's assistance.

Away went the canoe, whirling toward the middle of the river, and the foes, spring to the fringe of water, glared at them with all the fury of backwoods beasts. A few ran along the bank in search of hidden canoes, while Mattabasin, the Mad Queen, who had been freed by an Indian knife, was on her feet, pouring out her imprecations in a terrible manner.

"Look! a new danger!" suddenly cried the girl. "Mattabasin has found more than scalps in the forest!"

She was pointing at a heap of skins in the stern of the canoe. A movement was perceptible underneath them, and presently out from the covering protruded half a dozen horrible heads.

Well might the blood of the young fugitives congeal in their veins, for each hideous head was that of a rattlesnake, the deadly terror of the frontier wilderness!

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* * *

The Scapegoat.

It was early in the morning. The park was almost deserted. Henpeck and Meekhen met.

"Sir, you are a scoundred!" said Meekhen.

Henpeck made no reply.

"Sir, you are an insignificant image of a monkey!" continued Meekhen. Then he tweaked Henpeck's nose.

Henpeck was still silent.

"You are a crawling worm, sir, and for two pins I would tear you asunder!" With these words Meekhen took Henpeck by the right and left whiskers and pulled in opposite directions until he grinned like a gargoyle.

"Stop!" cried a horrified spectator of the unprovoked assault. "I will not stand by and see a fellow creature used thus. Stop, sir, before I knock you down!"

Meekhen turned to his preserver and spoke. "Sir, you must not interfere," he said meekly. "Allow me to explain. The gentleman who has just passed me is Mr. Meekhen, the only friend I have in all the world. We meet here at this time every morning as we go to business. Mrs. Meekhen has doubtless been particularly trying this morning. That is why he vents his wrath upon me. I do the same to him when Mrs. Henpeck is out of sorts. It's a little arrangement that exists between us, enabling us to retain our self-respect. Without it we should cease to be men. But you meant well, sir, and I thank you. Good morning."

And Henpeck moved slowly away.

* * *

No Spendthrift.

Judge—You were begging on the public streets, and yet you had twenty dollars in your pocket.

Prisoner—Yes, jedge, I may not be as industrious as some, y'r honor, but I'm no spendthrift.

BANISHMENT.

Suddenly the fluffy-haired blonde giggled, quite without reference to remarks made by any one or to the marquisette blouse upon which she was embroidering an elaborate design. The other members of the sewing circle looked up inquiringly.

"Well?" demanded young Mrs. Allison, suspiciously. "Has any one said something funny or is it last week's joke taking root?"

The fluffy-haired blonde nodded emphatically. "How clever you are, Celeste!" she said. "That's it, exactly. I was terribly annoyed at the time, but all of a sudden just now I saw how funny it was."

"'It!'" repeated young Mrs. Allison, with growing scorn. "'It!' Try to be coherent, my love. We are waiting to advise you on the subject."

"Well," said the fluffy-haired blonde, with another giggle, "you know my little brother——"

"The proverbial small boy," murmured young Mrs. Allison, with a groan.

"L'enfant terrible," put in the girl who affected French quotations.

The fluffy-haired blonde scowled at them both, impartially. "Just a plain little brother," she corrected, with sternness. "His name is Edward and most of you know him perfectly well. Now, am I telling this story or am I not."

The girl who affected French quotations retired to her fancy work with offended dignity, but Mrs. Allison beamed with visible joy at having drawn a heated retort. "Go on, dear," she urged sweetly. "We love to hear you prattle of your innocent baby brother."

The fluffy-haired blonde smiled in turn. "Baby brother is going into long trousers before school opens in the fall," she informed them. "As for his being innocent—oh, well it wasn't his fault this time, anyway.

"You know," she went on, "he was a big yellow brute of a cat he calls Saunders, though I'm sure I don't know why——"

"I do," said young Mrs. Allison. She nodded around the sewing circle, meaningly. "We lived in the same block with Saunders for a year. He's canny, let me tell you. I know that cat personally. He used to lick the tops of my cream bottles of a morning—never the milk bottles. But I didn't argue the matter with him, because I was always too much awed by his apparent contempt for the whole human race. When he walked down the back steps and went over the fence the very flip of his tail was eloquent of his low opinion of the quality of my cream. Moreover, I was forced to agree with him," she added.

"Well," said the fluffy-haired blonde, gravely, "I believe you're right. Saunders is not—um—open to argument, but he scorns deception and he's shrewd. He eats our neighbor's squabs by the dozen, but he eats them in broad daylight, when the neighbor hesitates to wring his neck, as I should. But Edward loves him with a positively touching devotion and has him in the library every evening at study time.

"Night before last, however, the Desseltons were dining with us, and both Mrs. Desselton and Ernestine are mortally afraid of cats. Ernestine shrieks if one comes into the room and Mrs. Desselton likes one about as much as you like a snake. So Edward's little playmate was put in the garage and the garage door supposedly was shut. Very likely it was really shut, too, for there are a score of convenient cracks around the floor and the windows which an enterprising cat can get through, though Edward maintains learnedly that no feline will attempt to escape through any hole where his whiskers touch.

"Anyway, we had all gone into the library after a comfortable dinner and father was entertaining us with the hopes of his summer fishing trip. Mother had just gone upstairs to get a picture to show Mrs. Desselton, when the bell rang and the maid brought me a card. It was Mr. S. Bennington Saunders, who has come here from the East to live, you know.

"I slipped through the drawingroom to meet him and bring him in for an introduction, and just as I got half way in and he was approaching with a bland smile and an outstretched hand I heard mother's returning step on the stair and mother's horrific voice from the landing

"'Edward!' she cried. 'Edward! Saunders has got in. Come and put him out at once. Hurry, I tell you!'"

The fluffy-haired blonde laughed ruefully. "Edward came," she said. "For myself, I had only time to gasp once.

"There before me stood S. Bennington Saunders, with one hand outstretched, but paralyzed with dismay. His face turned from a sickly white to a fiery red while I was struggling to find my voice. Finally, without a word, he dropped his arm and walked into the hall.

"Then I came to and rushed after him. 'Don't go!' I entreated. 'Oh, don't go, Mr. Saunders. It's—it's not you, you know. It's Saunders—er—the cat.'

"I held out my hand this time and he shook it hesitatingly. Then, as the truth dawned upon him, he grinned nobly.

"'But, I say,' he protested, as I led him toward the family, 'I say, you know, you do have the most extraordinary name for your pet.'"

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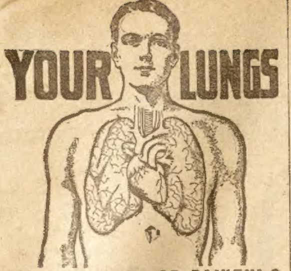

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It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Snaring Maiden Feet.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

puffing gravely at his pipe. "Some of the drawings in the Sunday Star are rotten."

"Meaning mine?" laughed the artist, lifting his heels higher.

"Harry!" called the reporter. "Come and see what you make of this. Another ambulance and a crowd."

"Street scene at night!" cried the artist, arising to his feet and drawing on his overcoat. "I'm going out to see about it."

"May the peace you deny us here go with you!" commented the reporter, as he closed the door Harry had left banging in the wind.

The Sunday editor and the reporter settled back in their chairs. Once a week the reporter was off duty at nine, and this was his early night, as has been stated. The Sunday editor enjoyed these evenings, for Harry was bright, resourceful, and an enthusiast in his chosen profession. The Star was his ideal of a newspaper, and the Sunday editor, young in years but old in the lessons of the world, was his ideal of a newspaper man.

"I hope Harry won't be out long," the Sunday editor said. "I wanted him to make a suggestion for a feature story."

"He won't stay out in the cold long, you may be sure," the reporter said. "He is the boy for the steam heat. Still, there may be something out there in the street."

The Sunday editor smoked away without speaking for a time, and then the reporter broke the silence.

"I had another human interest detail today," he said, "one of the details which adds to one's belief in human cussedness. I've been thinking of it ever since, although I did not write the story."

The Sunday editor looked a question.

"You remember the Malcolm Holme case?" the reported said. "Well," he went on as the other nodded, "I was sent out to interview Holme. The Star, you know, has been active in discrediting Holme, the claimant, and I suppose I was sent out to learn something againts him."

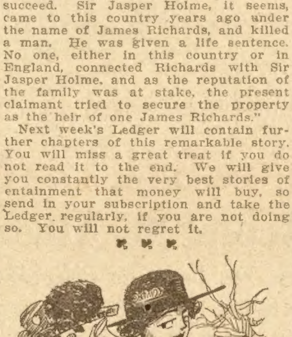
"I don't just remember what he claims," said the Sunday editor.

"He claims half the city," was the reply, "as the only heir of a titled Englishman, who is claimed to have died two years or more ago up on the coast of Maine. The property here in dispute does not stand in the name of Jasper Holme, the name of the dead man, but in that of James Richards.

"Of course Holme tried to get the property without coming to a show-down as to the making of this will, but did not succeed. Sir Jasper Holme, it seems, came to this country years ago under the name of James Richards, and killed a man. He was given a life sentence. No one, either in this country or in England, connected Richards with Sir Jasper Holme, and as the reputation of the family was at stake, the present claimant tried to secure the property as the heir of one James Richards."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *



She—Was it a case of love at first sight?

He—I suppose it was. She saw me first.

* * *

Teaching by Example.

William Dean Howells is a staunch opponent of those novelists who, under the pretext of reforming their readers, write books about vice.

"Such writers," said Mr. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, Maine, remind me of a lad whose mother said to him:

"'Why, Johnny, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear.'

"'No, I'm not, mother,' the boy replied. 'I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.'"

FAT is Dangerous

Over-Fatness Shortens Life, Causes Heart Failure, Loss of Vigor, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. It Spoils Figure, is Uncomfortable, Unsightly, Burdensome.

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT ONE POUND DAILY!

Proof Treatment FREE

(Picture showing how my Perfected Treatment Reduces Fat

Note what my treatment has done for others; it can do the same for you.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Lehigh, Iowa, writes: "When I began your treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs. and **never felt better** in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 54 in. to 38 in.; waist from 42 in. to 28 inches. It has been a permanent reduction."

Permanent. M. E. King, Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method, **I reduced 85 lbs.,** 8 years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newbern, Nev. writes: "I have Lost 112 lbs., am **wonderfully benefited** in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains now."

Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge, Galena, writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 98 lbs. **Friends amazed.**"

Many other testimonials from well known persons, with full addresses will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, stomach and kidneys become diseased, breathing is difficult, blood impure and congested, and the end may come in **Sudden Death** by **HEART FAILURE, APOPLEXY,** or other disorder. You should save yourself from these **DANGERS**; *do not delay!*

Let me prove to you how my treatment reduces weight, no matter where the excess fat is located; stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, double chin; it has **healthfully, quickly, safely, permanently** reduced without exercise or dieting, in legions of cases; *why not you?* **Clear, pure skin**; no flabbiness, no wrinkles. **Lost vigor restored.** Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles, female ailments, nervousness, leave as fat goes away. I send you **PROOF TREATMENT FREE.** It is aimed to make you feel better at once. I also send you **Free** my **book of advice,** and testimonials from many well known people. **Write me to-day.** FREE

DR. H. C. BRADFORD,
9 T Bradford Bldg., 20 East 22d St., New York.

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practising physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, home treatment.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY
MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES INDIGESTION GAS ON THE STOMACH AND INTESTINES
POWDER NO. 1
POWDER No. 2
THIS REMEDY REMOVES GALL STONES
GEO. H. MAYR Mfg. Chemist Mayr Bldg., Chicago

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions,** backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist
Mayr Building, 154-156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day

Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Mayr Bldg., 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name..

Address ....

City and State ....
Write Plainly

Express Office 356

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by Geo. H. Mayr under the Pure Food and Drug Act. Serial No. 25793

HIGH ARM 5 DRAWER DROP HEAD SEWING MACHINE

To You on Approval

Mention V7000, send $1.00 deposit if you live East of the Rocky Mountains ($5.00 if you live West) and we will send you one of these splendid, high grade, 5 drawer, drop head, high and long arm head, roller ball bearing, genuine quarter sawed oak sewing machines C. O. D. by freight, subject to examination. Pay the balance, $9.85 and freight charges to agent after you examine the machine and find it entirely satisfactory and the equal in cabinet work, finish and general appearance, of any $50.00, $60.00 or $75.00 machine you ever saw. Convince yourself, then take it home and

USE IT 90 DAYS AT OUR RISK.

Sew on it the heaviest work that any family machine will do. Test it severely every way. Compare its work with that of any $50.00, $60.00 or $75.00 machine and after 90 days use if you are dissatisfied with it for any reason whatever, re-crate it, send it back at our expense and we will promptly refund your $10.85 and the frgt. chgs. you paid out. The machine is made with beautifully flaked QUARTER SAWED, SOLID OAK CABINET finished golden and rubbed to a high piano polish. Straight center drawer, 4 rounded end drawers, bronze drawer pulls and locks. Finely Japanned iron stand and best Duplex treadle. Fully equipped with noiseless, self-adjusting ball bearings and steel Pitman, therefore runs lightest with the greatest speed. Elegant gold decorated,

EXTRA HIGH AND EXTRA LONG ARM HEAD.

self-threading throughout, automatic bobbin winder, upper tension with thread liberator, self-threading cylinder shuttle, self-setting needle, adjustable pressure bar, and every other improvement found on all high grade machines.

We Give Free 1 oil can filled, 1 gauge, 6 screws, 6 bobbins, 1 hemmer foot and feller, 12 needles, 1 com. screw driver, and instruction book in many languages. *Complete set of attachments 75c extra.* With each machine we send a

WRITTEN 20 YEAR GUARANTEE

which protects you absolutely for 20 YEARS against poor workmanship or defective material. Should you prefer to see our 25 other machines before buying write a postal and say *"Send me your free special sewing machine catalog, showing all your machines in colors,"* and we will send you our Great Free Sewing Machine Catalog illustrating in real oak color our full line of machines at $7.95 up.

$10.85 90 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Send For Free Sewing Machine Catalog

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

$2.98

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

Seven Jeweled

Genuine seven ruby jeweled watch worth $10.00 to anyone who requires an absolutely reliable timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Enamel dial with Arabic numerals, guaranteed full seven ruby jeweled. Nickel damaskeened, quick train. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid ore-silver dust proof screw case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail postpaid for ONLY $2.98. Send this advertisement with $2.98 and watch will be sent to you by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send $2.98 today. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Regret of the Heir.

"I had a wealthy client who died a while ago," said Senator John Sharp Williams. "He left his whole fortune to his only son, with me as executor of the estate.

"Now he had kept this young man, who was just turned 21, in pretty close leash during his youth, and it was with eyes bulging with expectancy of a good, far-flung fling that the son called on me a few days after the funeral to learn when he was coming into his kingdom.

"'I haven't qualified as executor yet, Bob,' I told him, 'but come around in a week or so and get what you want.'

"Promptly on the dot Bob turned up.

"'The period for advertising for claims against the estate will not expire for a fortnight,' I told him this time, 'so I cannot legally pay you anything until then. Drop in in a couple of weeks and I'll fix you out.'

"Bob swallowed his disappointment and took his departure. At the end of a fortnight he promptly appeared again.

"'Sorry to disappoint you a third time, Bob,' I said, 'but there have been some purely formal claims filed against the estate that cannot be disposed of until the next month's term of court. If you'll call after that you can get all the cash you want, but I really don't see my way clear to pay out anything until these matters are disposed of. Come back in a month and it will be all right then.'

"Bob moved slowly to the door. With his hand on the knob he turned to me.

"'Mr. Williams,' he said sadly, 'do you know sometimes I'm right sorry the old man died.'"

If You Have any of the Symptoms in the Coupon Below Let me Send You

THIS Generous Proof Treatment AND 36 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.

I believe I have the most positive method yet devised for the permanent relief of these diseases and to prove my claims I'll send you a **treatment free to test.**

You may say I have a selfish motive somewhere in offering something free. I have. I want to increase my practice. I am trying to reach one influential person in new localities who has never tried my treatment. Those who have failed with other treatments; those who have given up in despair; those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date, successful methods of curing diseases. I realize that I must help you, if I expect you to recommend me to others. If I do, I will earn your good will, and in this way I will secure other patients. This is what I am earnestly striving for, and that is the purpose of this advertisement. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine and that they **DO CURE,** otherwise I could not afford to send them on this kind of test.

I WANT TO PROVE TO YOU AT MY OWN EXPENSE THAT I HAVE THE REAL REMEDIES.

I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are MY OWN PRIVATE PRESCRIPTIONS perfected and prepared after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my successes by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

SUCCESS
FREE TREATMENT
FREE
DR. JIROCH CO. CHICAGO, ILL.
CURES
SKILL
SCIENCE
ADVICE
HONESTY
KNOWLEDGE
INTELLIGENCE

THIS OFFER Is made to any person who sincerely wants to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from Impure Blood, Uric Acid conditions, etc. IF YOU ARE SICK OF EXPERIMENTING; SICK OF FAILURES; SICK OF BEING SICK—WRITE TO ME. WHEN YOU BECOME MY PATIENT, I REALIZE A CURE IS WHAT YOU WANT.

Mark Your Symptoms In This COUPON For FREE DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon Today.

Dear Doctor: I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case. I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment, and XX before my worst troubles.

NAME ....
(In full, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

Town .... State ....

Mark Symptoms Here. Street, R. F. D. or Box. ....

AGE..............

Have you ever written to me before? ....

____ If you have rheumatism.
____ If you have sick headache.
____ If you have pain in your back.
____ If you are nervous or irritable.
____ If you are subject to biliousness.
____ If you feel weak and all run down.
____ If you have palpitation of your heart.
____ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
____ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
____ If you belch up wind from your stomach.
____ If you have dribbling or painful urination.
____ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
____ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
____ If you have too frequent desire to pass water.
____ If you have dizziness or swimming of your head.
____ If you have boils and pimples on the face or neck.
____ If you have pains in back, through loins, hips and joints.
____ If you have catarrh.
____ If you are hard of hearing.
____ If your nose stops up easily.
____ If you spit up mucus or slime.
____ If you have ringing, buzzing, cracking noises in your ears.

FOR WOMEN

____ If you are TOO FAT.
____ If you are TOO THIN.
____ If your sickness is too scanty.
____ If you have pain in your side.
____ If your sickness is too profuse.
____ If your bust lacks development.
____ If you have painful Menstruation.
____ If you have Leucorrhoea (whites).
____ If you have bearing down feelings.
____ If you have itching or inflammation.
____ If you have distress due to change of life.

FILL OUT This Application and Send it TODAY.

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, Dept. 1245, 533 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

If you are feeling weak and run down, troubled with your Kidneys and Bladder, suffering from Rheumatism or Catarrhal conditions, any Blood disorder, Nervous Weakness, if you want to regain your lost strength and ambition, your Liver and Bowels regulated, your appetite improved, Dyspepsia cured—if you feel the need of a genuine medicine to brace you up and put new life in you—if you want my advice on any private matter, then take a minute's time and send your application at once.

If You Are Sick Let Me Help You

Accept My Liberal Offer

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever To Me

☞ Just Let Me Try to Help You; Fill Out the Coupon Carefully, Mark Your Symptoms, Sign Your Name in Full with Your Address and Mail It To Me Without Delay.

DO IT AT ONCE, because I want to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments; those who have given up in despair; those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing disease.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. **Try at my expense.** You have nothing to lose.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the **Treatment Free** so you may make a personal test of just what my medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered by Mail, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have, two XX marks before your WORST symptoms, sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you.

My Reason for Making This Remarkable Offer is

a desire to increase my practice in your locality. I know there must be dozens of men and women near you and of your acquaintance who want to be cured, but who have given up in discouragement, and they believe there is no hope for them. I want to make you a living testimony of my superior skill and remedies. I want you to prove to them there is a **CURE** when it is accomplished in your case. I want to brighten your cheeks with the bloom of health that others may see the wonderful value of my special remedies. This, dear friend, is why I offer you the Proof Treatment Free. Answer this TODAY, while you read it. Address

DR. F. W. JIROCH, Dept. 1245, 533-535 So. Wabash Ave., **Chicago, Ill.**